EERIE
COMICS
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COMIC
10¢
NO. 1

LONESOME JOE FINDS THE TUNE TO POPULARITY!!
THERE GOES THE GANG AGAIN AND HERE I AM ALONE!
WE HAD A KEEN TIME BUT COULDN'T DO ANY DANCING THERE WASN'T ANY MUSIC!!
DOPE! HERE'S THE ANSWER - A "HOT LICK" SLIDE FLUTE, AND A "CLARIFLUTE" FOR $1.98 AND I CAN LEARN QUICKLY!
THANKS PAL! 15 MINUTES FROM NOW AND I'LL BE A DIFFERENT MAN.
HE'S WONDERFUL!!
TERRIFIC
DON'T STOP JOE
GEE JOE, YOU CAN SURE PLAY THAT CLARI-FLUTE.

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THE EYES OF THE TIGER

CARL CATTLER LOVED BEASTS OF THE FELINE STRIPE, AND THEY RETURNED THIS AFFECTION... FOR THE MOST PART. EVERYTHING WAS LOVEY-DOVEY UNTIL CARL MADE ONE *SERIOUS MISTAKE!* AFTER THAT, HE SAW NOTHING BUT THE *"EYES OF THE TIGER"!*

WHAT AN AFTERNOON TO MAKE AN INSURANCE CALL!-- I HEAR THIS CATTLER'S A QUEER BIRD.....FANCIES CATS. WELL, I WON'T STAY LONG. JUST LISTEN TO HIS TICKER AND GO!
S-SAY!...HE *IS* ECCENTRIC! WHOEVER HEARD OF PUTTING A STUFFED TIGER OUT ON THE LAWN?!....I'LL BE GLAD WHEN ***THIS*** VISIT'S OVER.
HOW THE DEVIL LONG MUST I KEEP KNOCKING? MAYBE MY INSURANCE PATIENT IS DEAD ALREADY?....
WORST LUCK!--HE ***ISN'T*** DEAD. BUT FROM THE LOOKS OF HIM IT WON'T BE LONG..!
YOU'D BE DOCTOR MANTON, WOULDN'T YOU? OF COURSE. COME INSIDE, DOCTOR, AND WARM YOURSELF BY THE FIRE.
IF YOU DON'T MIND, MR. CATTLER I'D LIKE TO EXAMINE YOU AT ONCE. I'VE LITTLE TIME TO WASTE...
BUT OF COURSE, DOCTOR! WHAT ***ELSE*** ARE YOU HERE FOR?--HEH! HEH! I WARN YOU, I'M TERRIBLY HEALTHY. DON'T FIND ANYTHING WRONG WITH ME!
NOT ONLY DON'T I LIKE CATTLER, BUT I DON'T LIKE HIS *HEART!* IT'LL BLOW LIKE A FUSE UNDER THE SLIGHTEST STRAIN!
WELL, WHAT DO YOU, SAY, EH? ISN'T THAT A PERFECT BODY? DID YOU EVER HEAR A MORE PERFECT HEART? YOU'LL PASS ME FOR THE POLICY, EH?...
I SHOULD SAY ***NOT***...NO INSURANCE COMPANY IN THE WORLD'LL TAKE A CHANCE ON ***YOU***...YOU'VE GOT THE WORST HEART I'VE EVER LISTENED TO, OUTSIDE OF A DEAD MAN'S.
WHAT!!
2

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I WON'T LET YOU! I MUST HAVE THAT POLICY!
WHY MUST YOU? ACCORDING TO YOUR APPLICATION YOU HAVE NO FAMILY, REMOTE OR CLOSE. WHO COULD YOU LEAVE YOUR MONEY TO?
TO CATS! TO THOSE I LOVE BEST!...CATS! CATS! CATS!
NOT ONLY ARE YOU UNFIT PHYSICALLY FOR A POLICY, CATTLER, BUT YOU'RE MENTALLY UNFIT! YOU'RE PLUMB CRAZY, MAN.... GOOD DAY!
CRAZY, AM I? I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S CRAZY!..OUT, FLAME...! AND STAND IN FRONT OF THE DOOR!
G-GREAT HEAVENS! A TIGER!..WH-WHERE... HOW?
MEET MY "BENEFICIARY," DOCTOR MANTON!
BUT DON'T SHAKE HANDS WITH HIM!..HEH HEH! YOU MAY NOT GET YOUR HAND BACK!
BUT WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS, CATTLER? C-CALL OFF THE BEAST! HE MAY LEAP AT ME!
AHA! WHO'S LIFE MIGHT BE SHORT NOW? YOU REFUSED TO PASS ME FOR AN INSURANCE POLICY.... PERHAPS MY LITTLE PET WILL BE SUCCESSFUL IN PERSUADING YOU!
C-CALL HIM OFF, CATTLER...CALL HIM OFF-F! HE'S GOING FOR ME!
OF COURSE HE IS, DOCTOR! --HE LIKES YOU! HA HA! NOW IF YOU LIKE HIM IN RETURN, AND PASSED ME FOR THE POLICY, HE WOULDN'T GROW TOO "AFFECTIONATE"!
3

EEEE.. HE'S NEAR ME! I-I'LL S-SIGN ANYTHING, CATTLER! ...ONLY TAKE H-HIM AWAY EEE! TAKE HIM AWAY!
WHY, DOCTOR, DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE FORGETTING ALL ABOUT ETHICS?
MY! MY!--WHAT A LITTLE SHOW OF TIGER TEETH WILL DO!
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT? THE DOCTOR FAINTED! I GUESS HE ISN'T USED TO CATS. BECAUSE, WHAT IS THERE TO BE AFRAID OF?... TSK TSK!
EEEE...
ADMIRABLE BEAST! HE GETS MORE INTELLIGENT EVERY DAY! LITTLE DID THE GOOD DOCTOR KNOW FLAME NEVER TASTED MEAT!...THAT I RAISED HIM SINCE HE WAS A FEW DAYS OLD...
...THAT HE'S HARMLESS AS A KITTEN! THAT FLAME WAS REALLY NOTHING MORE THAN "INTERESTED" IN THE DOCTOR, NOT IN HIS TASTY FLESH!
THAT NIGHT...
HOW OBEDIENTLY, HOW PERFECTLY TRAINED YOU ARE, FLAME! HOW DIFFERENT FROM ALL YOUR FELLOWS...ONLY YOU DON'T KNOW IT! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW FEROCIOUS, HOW CRUEL, HOW BLOOD-THIRSTY YOUR JUNGLE BROTHERS ARE!
MY INSURANCE MONEY MUST GO TO A FUND THAT WILL CONVERT ALL WILD BEASTS INTO PETS THAT'LL SLEEP BY THE FIRE AND WATCH ONE'S SLEEP!
4

BUT DURING THE NIGHT, FATE UNCOVERS ONE OF CATTLER'S FEET AND FLAME BECOMES INTERESTED IN ITS STARK, BLUE-VEINED WHITENESS...

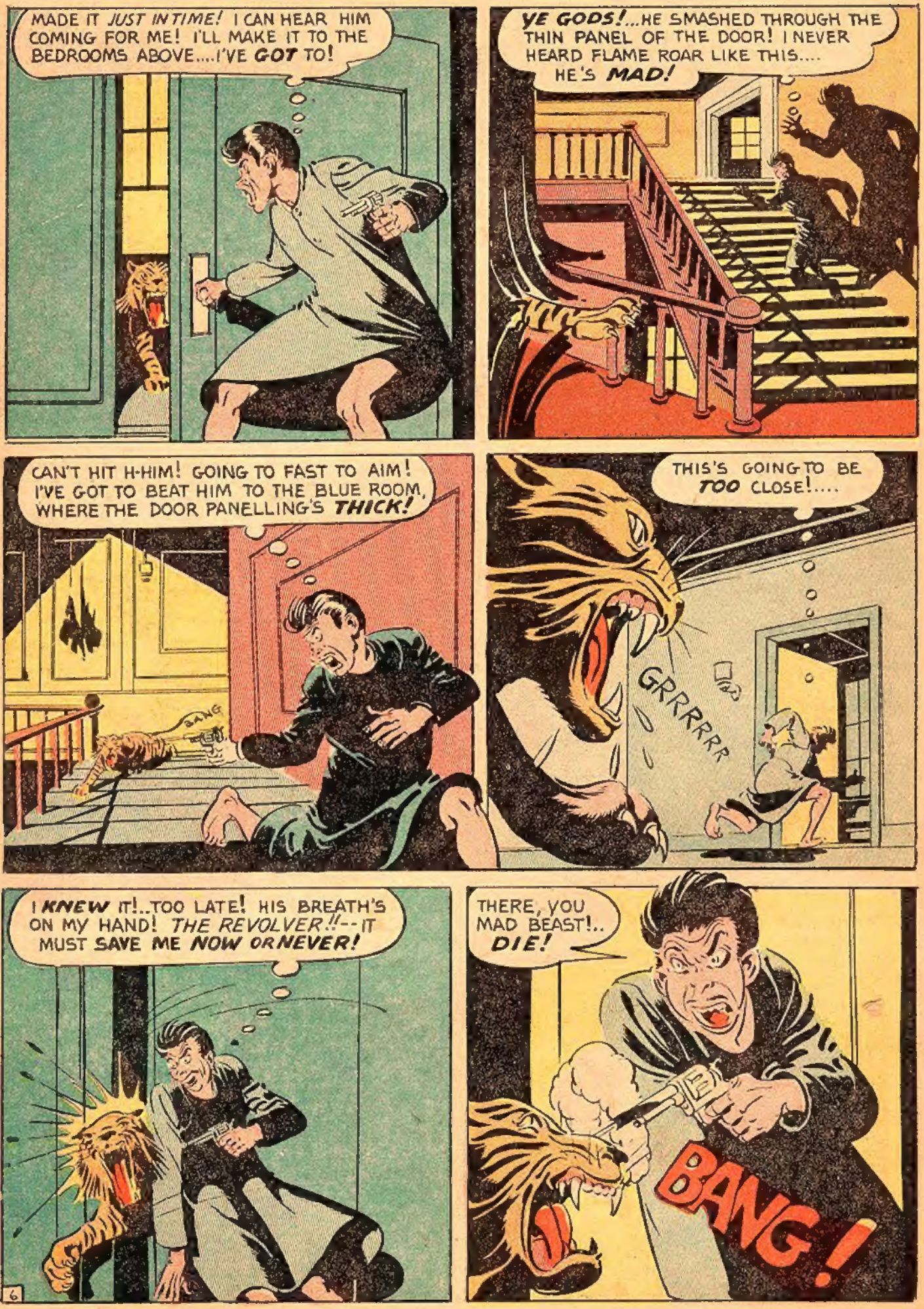
CATTLER WAKES UP, AWARE OF A STRANGE TINGLING IN HIS FOOT....
W-WHAT TH--? FLAME!-HE'S LICKING MY FOOT! ...MY FOOT'S ALL BLOODY-FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, FLAME'S TASTED BLOOD!

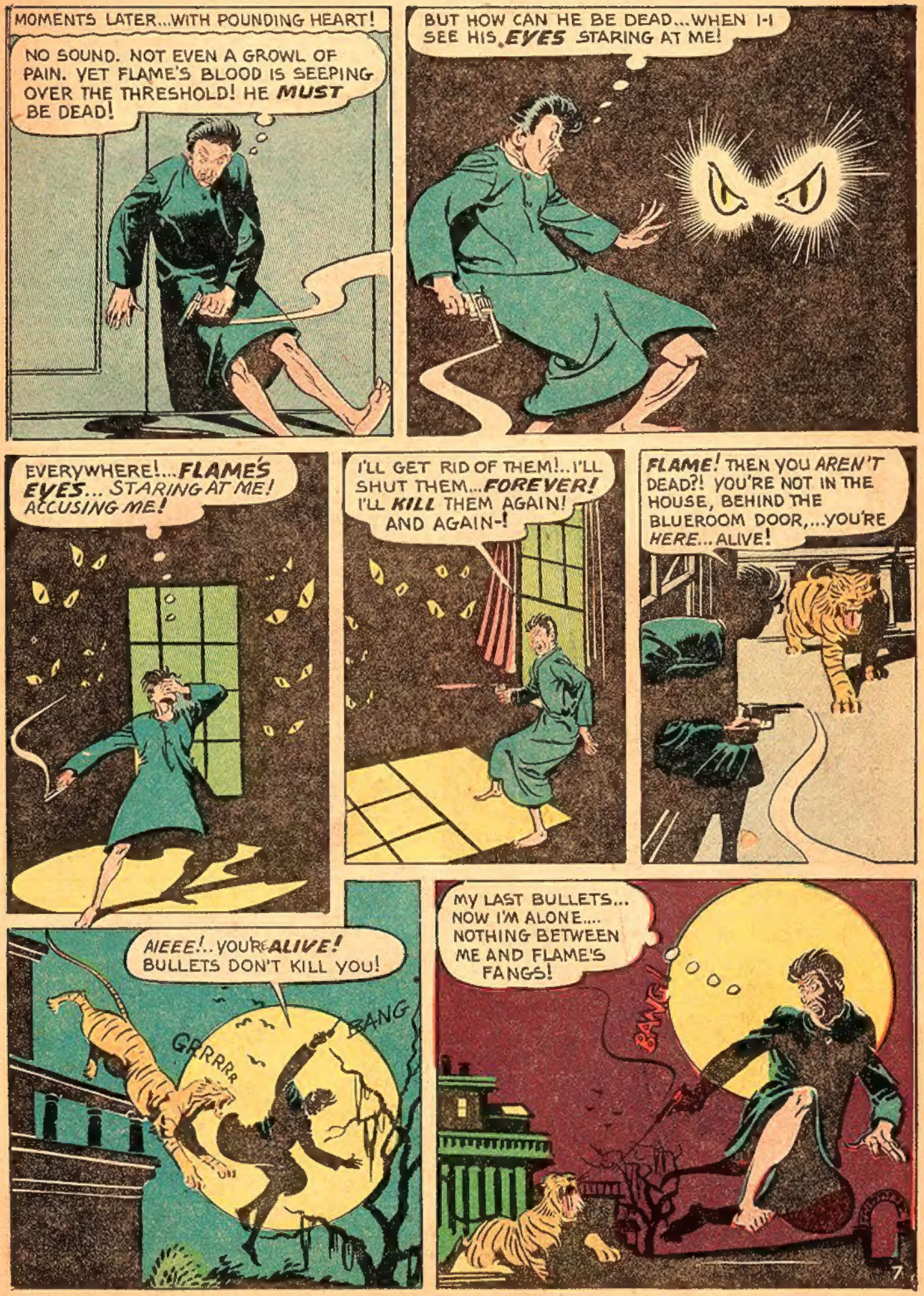
WHAT IF HE SHOULD USE HIS TEETH INSTEAD OF HIS TONGUE? I MUST TAKE MY FOOT AWAY BEFORE HE REVERTS TO HIS BESTIAL NATURE!..

BUT AS CATTLER MOVES TO WITHDRAW HIS LEG, FLAME MOVES TO KEEP IT THERE... WITH HIS STEEL CLAWS!
THIS ISN'T FLAME ANYMORE! IT'S A TIGER... A TIGER WHO WON'T BE SATISFIED TILL HE TASTES MY THROAT'S BLOOD!

THIS REVOLVER I KEEP AGAINST BURGLARS, WILL COME IN HANDY! FLAME NEVER HEARD A REVOLVER SHOT BEFORE--IF I'M LUCKY, HE'LL FEEL ONE NOW!
5

CURSE MY SHAKING HAND! I ONLY GRAZED HIM!..GOT TO GET OUT OF THE ROOM BEFORE HE RECOVERS FROM HIS FRIGHT!

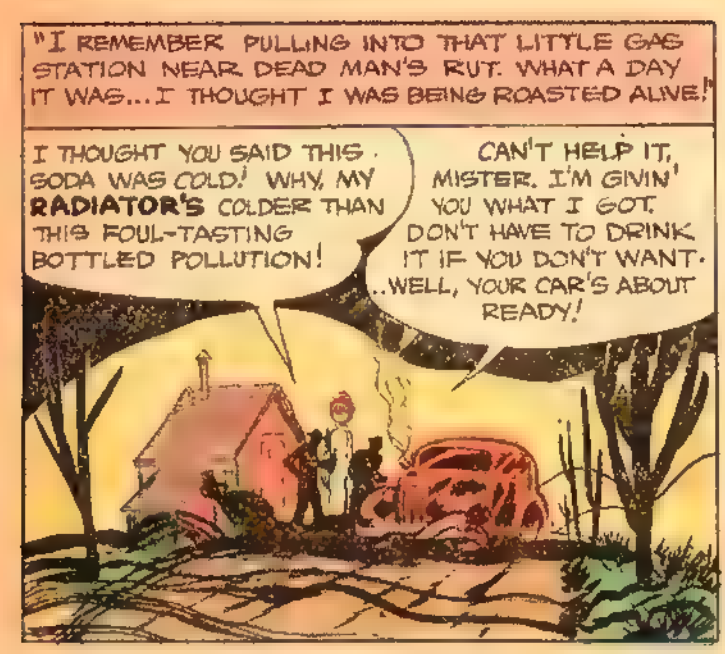

MADE IT JUST IN TIME! I CAN HEAR HIM COMING FOR ME! I'LL MAKE IT TO THE BEDROOMS ABOVE....I'VE GOT TO!
YE GODS!...HE SMASHED THROUGH THE THIN PANEL OF THE DOOR! I NEVER HEARD FLAME ROAR LIKE THIS.... HE'S MAD!
CAN'T HIT H-HIM! GOING TO FAST TO AIM! I'VE GOT TO BEAT HIM TO THE BLUE ROOM, WHERE THE DOOR PANELLING'S THICK!
BANG
THIS'S GOING TO BE TOO CLOSE!....
GRRRRRR
I KNEW IT!..TOO LATE! HIS BREATH'S ON MY HAND! THE REVOLVER!!--IT MUST SAVE ME NOW OR NEVER!
6
THERE, YOU MAD BEAST!.. DIE!
BANG!


MOMENTS LATER...WITH POUNDING HEART!
NO SOUND. NOT EVEN A GROWL OF PAIN. YET FLAME'S BLOOD IS SEEPING OVER THE THRESHOLD! HE MUST BE DEAD!
BUT HOW CAN HE BE DEAD...WHEN I-I SEE HIS EYES STARING AT ME!
EVERYWHERE!...FLAME'S EYES... STARING AT ME! ACCUSING ME!
I'LL GET RID OF THEM!..I'LL SHUT THEM...FOREVER! I'LL KILL THEM AGAIN! AND AGAIN-!
FLAME! THEN YOU AREN'T DEAD?! YOU'RE NOT IN THE HOUSE, BEHIND THE BLUEROOM DOOR,...YOU'RE HERE... ALIVE!
AIEEE!..YOU'RE ALIVE! BULLETS DON'T KILL YOU!
GRRRRR
BANG
MY LAST BULLETS... NOW I'M ALONE.... NOTHING BETWEEN ME AND FLAME'S FANGS!
BANG!
7

AIII! HE'S GAINING ON ME!
GRRRR
STAND BACK! STAND BACK, YOU MONSTER! IS THIS HOW YOU REPAY MY YEARS OF KINDNESS TO YOU?!!
I'LL... YIIII!
ARRGGG
THE NEXT MORNING...
W-WHERE AM I?...THAT TIGER! IT'S COMING FOR ME!...BUT WHAT AM I DOING UP HERE?
CATTLER'S TIGER...DEAD! SHOT AND KILLED...GOOD LORD! THEN WHERE'S CATTLER? WHAT HAPPENED WHILE I LAY UNCONSCIOUS IN THIS BEDROOM?
SEARCH OF LAWN REVEALS....
CATTLER DEAD...IN FRONT OF THE VERY JAWS OF HIS STUFFED TIGER! BUT HOW DID HE COME HERE AND WHY? WHAT WAS HE RUNNING AWAY FROM WHEN FLAME LAY DEAD IN THE HOUSE? ...OR WAS HE DEAD? HMM...WE'LL NEVER KNOW!

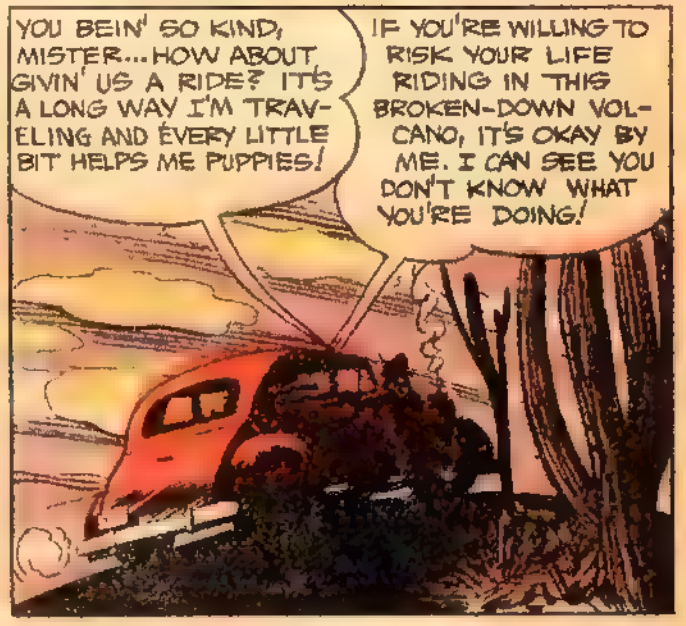
DEAD MAN'S TALE
IT IS PROPER TO BEGIN THIS DEAD MAN'S TALE AT THE UNDERTAKER'S, WHERE...
GENTLY, GENTLY... YOU ARE CARRYING A GREAT MAN!
I'LL SAY HE'S GREAT! THE STIFF WEIGHS A TON. WHATSA MATTER YOU ALWAYS GET DEAD GIANTS, BOSS? AIN'T THERE NO DEAD MIDGETS?
THESE SOCIETY BOYS SURE DRESS FANCY. WHERE WAS HE GOING TO..A MASQUARADE?
NAW, YOU DOPE! MR. MORGAN WAS ON A FOX-HUNT WHEN HE DROPPED DEAD...

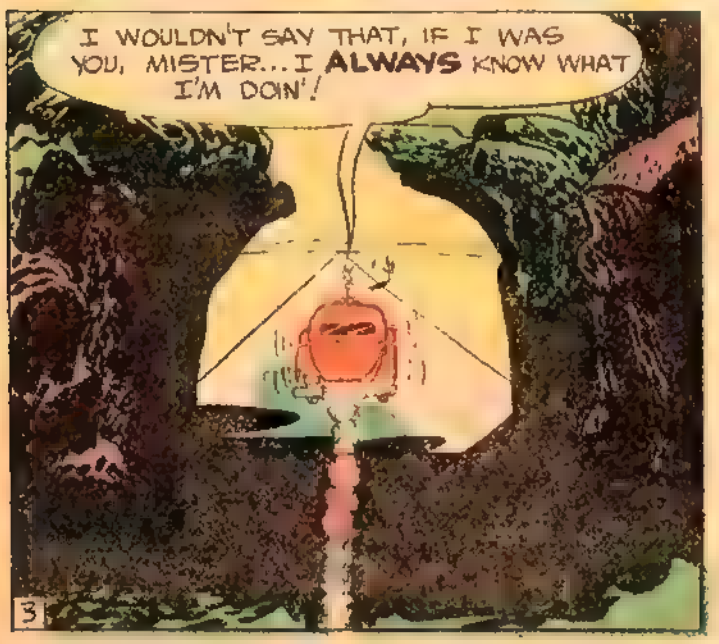
DIS GUY DROP DEAD? DIS GANT OF A GUY? WHY, HE COULD BUST ME IN TWO WITH HIS PINKIES!
WHO KNOWS!- EXCEPT THE CORPSE? AND CORPSES DON'T SPEAK. WHO SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN I!!
YA AIN'T GONNA START EMBALMIN' HIM TILL WE HAVE SUPPER? AW, BOSS, IT'S A NIGHT'S JOB...LET'S GO OUT AND BUY US SOME ENERGY FIRST!
SURE, BOSS..MORGAN AIN'T GONNA RUN AWAY!
VERY WELL!
BOY DOES THE UNDERTAKING BUSINESS GIVE YOU AN APPETITE!...AM I GONNA TEAR UP A JUICY STEAK!
DEATH....DEATH EVERYWHERE. WHAT IS LIFE BUT A PREPARATION FOR DEATH?
HOW TRUE ARE YOUR WORDS MR. UNDERTAKER. HOW TRUE IT IS THAT ALL MY LIFE I WAS PREPARING MYSELF FOR THIS!...BUT YOU SAID THE DEAD DON'T TALK, DIDN'T YOU?....
PERHAPS THEY DON'T...TO THE LIVING, BUT THE DEAD THINK... AND ISN'T THINKING A CERTAIN KIND OF TALK NO? OF COURSE IT IS.
2
HOW DIFFERENT YOU LOOK FROM THE MYRON MORGAN YOU USED TO BE!.. S IT ANY WONDER?.. THEN YOU WERE ALIVE...REMEMBER? REMEMBER THAT SCORCHING DAY IN THE MOJAVE DESERT TEN YEARS AGO?
YES-I REMEMBER CLEARLY. I WAS A POOR SALESMAN THEN. I HAD AN OLD RATTLETRAP TO CRAWL AROUND SOUTHWEST AMERICA WITH...

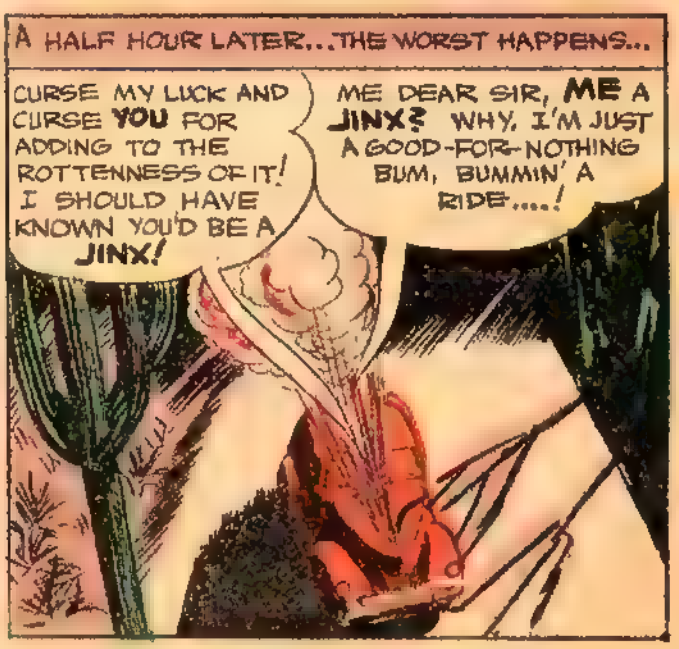

"I REMEMBER PULLING INTO THAT LITTLE GAS STATION NEAR DEAD MAN'S RUT. WHAT A DAY IT WAS...I THOUGHT I WAS BEING ROASTED ALIVE!
I THOUGHT YOU SAID THIS SODA WAS COLD! WHY, MY RADIATOR'S COLDER THAN THIS FOUL-TASTING BOTTLED POLLUTION!
CAN'T HELP IT, MISTER. I'M GIVIN' YOU WHAT I GOT. DON'T HAVE TO DRINK IT IF YOU DON'T WANT. ..WELL, YOUR CAR'S ABOUT READY!

SURE IT'S READY— READY FOR THE JUNKPILE!..
HEY, MISTER...DON'T THROW YOUR BOTTLE AWAY! GIVE US SOME OF IT...ME THROAT'S AS DRY AS A TEETOTALER'S GIZZARD!

LIKE SOUP, ISN'T IT?... ONLY THING MISSING IS NOODLES!
IF I USE MY IMAGINATION, I KIN TASTE THEM, TOO...(GULP!)


YOU BEIN' SO KIND, MISTER...HOW ABOUT GIVIN' US A RIDE? IT'S A LONG WAY I'M TRAVELING AND EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS ME PUPPIES!
IF YOU'RE WILLING TO RISK YOUR LIFE RIDING IN THIS BROKEN-DOWN VOLCANO, IT'S OKAY BY ME. I CAN SEE YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!

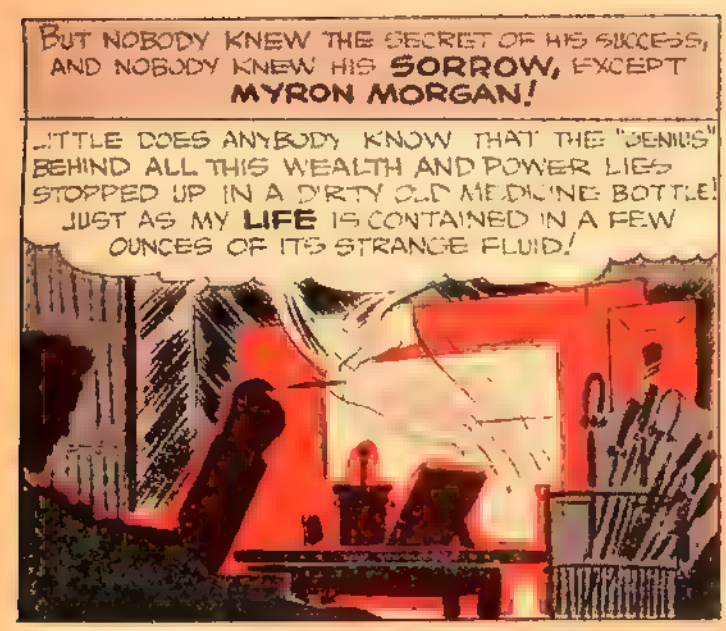

I WOULDN'T SAY THAT, IF I WAS YOU, MISTER...I ALWAYS KNOW WHAT I'M DOIN'!
3

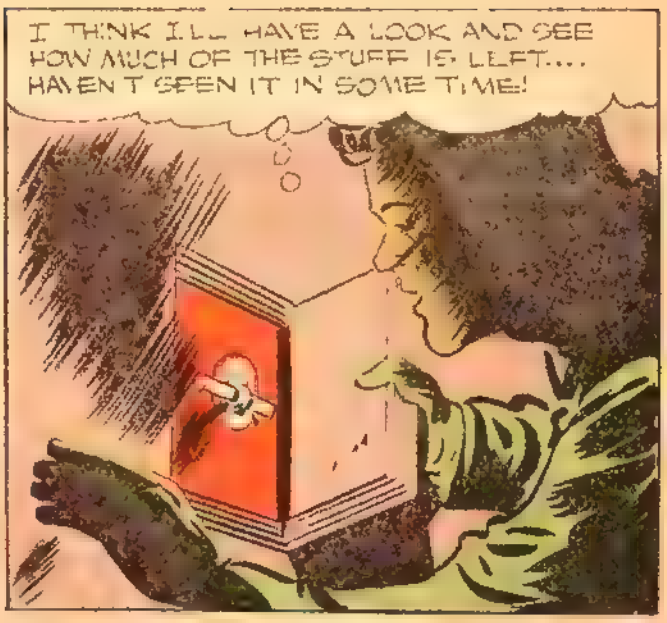

A HALF HOUR LATER...THE WORST HAPPENS...
CURSE MY LUCK AND CURSE YOU FOR ADDING TO THE ROTTENNESS OF IT! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU'D BE A JINX!
ME DEAR SIR, ME A JINX? WHY, I'M JUST A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING BUM, BUMMIN' A RIDE....!

LOOK AT THE CURSED THING BLOW-CURSE THE CAR!..CURSE THE WORLD!.. CURSE ME!..I'M LICKED!... LICKED!
NOW, NOW, THING'RE NOT THAT BAD. MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU, YOU HAVIN' BEEN SO KIND TA ME BEFORE!
YOU HELP ME? A WORTHLESS TRAMP? WHAT CAN YOU DO EXCEPT STAND AROUND AND GRIN YOUR STUPID GRIN?
PLENTY! WANNA SEE WHAT? SURE YA DO, YA GIVE ME A DRINK A LITTLE WHILE BACK WHEN I WAS THIRSTY. NOW I'VE GOT A LITTLE DRINK FOR YOU!
TAKE ONE SWIG OF THIS STUFF AND YER CAR'LL RUN LIKE A ROLLS-ROYCE. MAYBE IF YA WISH A LITTLE HARDER, IT'LL TURN INTO A ROLLS-ROYCE!
IF I WANT TO GET DRUNK AND SEE THE WORLD UP-SIDE DOWN, YOU DON'T HAVE TO TEACH ME HOW. GET THAT FILTHY BOTTLE OUT OF MY SIGHT!
YA THINK THIS'S FIREWATER? YER NUTS, MISTER, THIS'S IS WITCH-DOCTOR STUFF!.... SNAKE OIL! THE INDIAN CHIEF WHAT GIVE IT TO ME SAYS YA TAKE A SWALLOW, MAKES A WISH, AND THE WISH COMES TRUE!
GO AHEAD...TAKE A SWIG! WHATCHA GOT TA LOSE!? IF YA DON'T LIKE THE TASTE SPIT IT OUT. BUT DON'T FORGIT TO WISH AS YA WET YER WHISTLE.
YOU'RE RIGHT...I'VE NOTHING AT ALL TO LOSE. IN FACT, IF THERE'S POISON IN THE BOTTLE, I'LL BE SATISFIED, TOO!
THAT'S THE STUFF. MAKE OUT IT'S SCOTCH! -THAT'S RIGHT! NOW WISH THAT THE CAR RUNS AGAIN...
WHY BE A PIKER ABOUT THIS MAGIC NONSENSE?...I WISH THAT THE TIN LIZZIE CHANGES INTO A LIMOUSINE!
A SECOND LATER -
WELL? MY STUFF'S A LITTLE STRONGER'N SODA POP, AIN'T IT?
GREAT S-SCOTT! I--I C-CAN'T BELIEVE M-MY EYES... A LIMOSINE!!
4

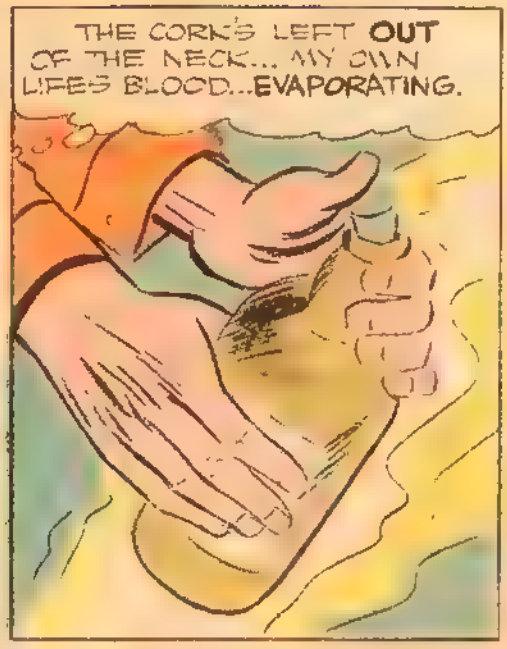
I DON'T KNOW HOW IT'S DONE—AND I DON'T CARE! ALL I'M ASKING IS, WHAT'S THE HITCH?... WHAT'S THE CATCH?
HITCH? ME DEAR SIR, I DON'T CALL IT A "HITCH" WHEN YOU TAKE A DRINK AND GET WHATEVER YOU WANT!
YOU JUST GOTTA BE CAREFUL O' ONE THING, THO.... NEVER LET ALL THE LIQUID GET OUTA THE BOTTLE! THE DAY THERE AIN'T NO MORE DRINK LEFT...THAT DAY, YOU DIE!
WHAT I COULDN'T DO IF THIS STUFF WERE MINE.... WAIT—WHO CAN PREVENT ME FROM MAKING IT MINE—THAT PUNY TRAMP?
GIMME BACK ME BOTTLE! I ONLY LOANED IT TA YA! YA CROOK! GIMME BACK ME BOTTLE!
IT WOULD BE EASY IF THE TRAMP WERE OUT OF MY WAY. HE'S STANDING ON THE HIGHWAY OF MY LIFE...BLOCKING IT!
WELL, HE WONT BLOCK IT LONG...GO AHEAD, AND RUN, YOU SWINE! RUN!—I'LL CATCH YOU!
H-HEY...YA GOIN' NUTS? HEY... CUT IT OUT!
HELP! AAARGH...!
THINK WHAT I COULD DO WITH THIS MYSTERIOUS LIQUID, AND ONLY ONE GOD-FORSAKEN TRAMP TO STAND IN MY WAY!
Moments later, PEERING UNDER THE AUTO FOR THE TRAMP'S BODY...
GREAT SCOTT... WHERE'S THE TRAMP?...WHERE'S HE GONE?... HE...HE'S DISAPPEARED!
5

DISAPPEARED? I DISAPPEAR? NEVER, MYRON MORGAN!--I SHALL BE WITH YOU FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE AND I SHALL CLAIM YOU AT THE END OF IT!
SOMETHING WEIRD'S HAPPENED! I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE. FAR AWAY!
Meanwhile...
I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS... WONDERFUL LIQUID...BUT WHO WOULD? ALL I KNOW IS THAT A DRINK GRANTS MY EVERY WISH!
DON'T WORRY, LITTLE MORTAL... WATCH HOW EMBITTERED YOUR LIFE WILL BE AS YOU SEE THE LIQUID GRADUALLY DISAPPEAR!
WHO CARES THAT WITH EACH SWALLOW DIMINISHING THE CONTENTS OF THE BOTTLE, MY OWN LIFE DIMINISHES?--I WANT A SUCCESSFUL LIFE, EVEN IF IT BECOMES A SHORT ONE!
"YEARS PASSED AND WITH THEIR PASSING, Myron Morgan BECAME RICH, POWERFUL AND RESPECTED, BEYOND ALL HIS DREAMS..."
"HE MARRIED THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN PARK AVENUE SOCIETY..."
"HE HAD SCORES OF SERVANTS..."
"MAGNIFICENT ESTATES!"
"A YACHT!"
"AND THE GREATEST PRIZE OF ALL, HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER...!"
6


BUT NOBODY KNEW THE SECRET OF HIS SUCCESS, AND NOBODY KNEW HIS SORROW, EXCEPT MYRON MORGAN!
LITTLE DOES ANYBODY KNOW THAT THE "GENIUS" BEHIND ALL THIS WEALTH AND POWER LIES STOPPED UP IN A DIRTY OLD MEDICINE BOTTLE! JUST AS MY LIFE IS CONTAINED IN A FEW OUNCES OF ITS STRANGE FLUID!

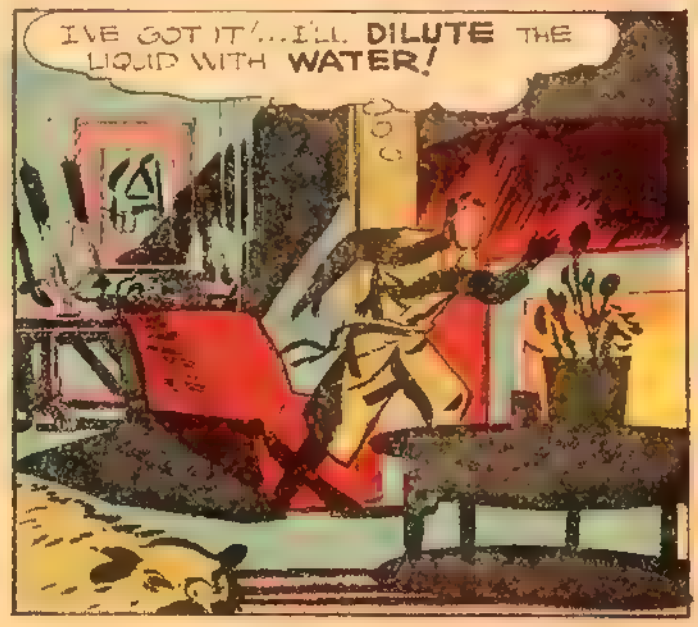

I THINK I'LL HAVE A LOOK AND SEE HOW MUCH OF THE STUFF IS LEFT.... HAVEN'T SEEN IT IN SOME TIME!

GREAT GUNS! THERE'S SCARCELY ANYTHING LEFT! THE LIQUID IS ALMOST GONE!


THE CORK'S LEFT OUT OF THE NECK... MY OWN LIFE'S BLOOD...EVAPORATING.

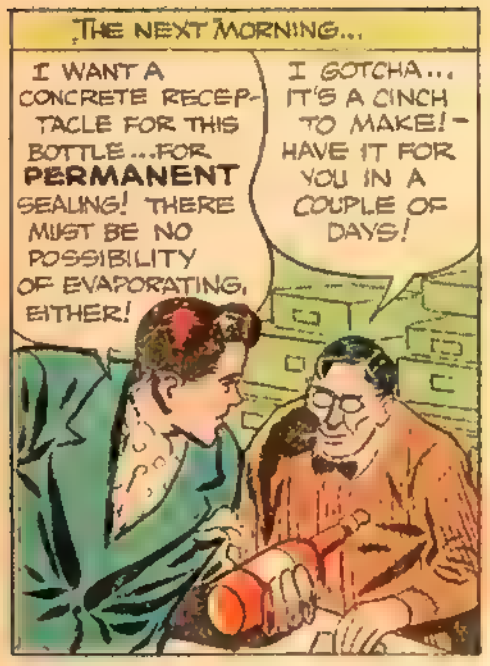
I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO. I'LL WISH FOR MORE LIQUID!

IT DOESN'T WORK! NOTHING'S BEEN ADDED...AND A PRECIOUS SIP OF IT'S BEEN WASTED...WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? MY LIFE'S AT STAKE!


I'VE GOT IT!...I'LL DILUTE THE LIQUID WITH WATER!

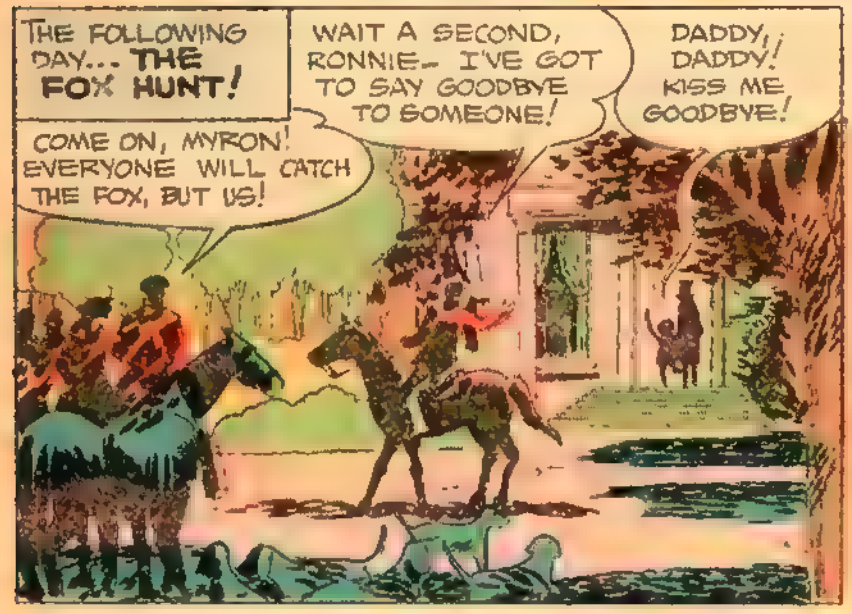
MOMENTS LATER IN THE KITCHEN .....
I CAN'T AFFORD TO ENDANGER THE ENTIRE CONTENTS W TH TH'S EXPERIMENT, SO I'LL JUST USE A PORTION OF THE MAGIC LIQUID AND TRY DILUTING IT WITH WATER..IN THIS TEASPOON!
NOW I'LL WISH FOR SOMETHING SIMPLE. LIKE A $1000...TO APPEAR ON TH'S PANTRY SHELF!
NOTHING! DILUTING THE STUFF ONLY DE-STROYS ITS POWER! ONLY THE ORIGINAL CONCENTRATE WILL WORK! ...IT'S THE LIQUID ITSELF I MUST GET MORE OF!
JANUARY
12
EVERY ATTEMPT FAILED- THEN ONE DAY, ANOTHER IDEA STRUCK HIM!
I'LL MAKE FREMI, THE FAMOUS CHEMIST, ANALYZE THE LIQUID AND HAVE HIM MAKE MORE OF IT---!
UPSTAIRS, IN FREMI'S LABORATORY...
WHY, THIS IS A VERY COMMON CONCOCTION, MR. MORGAN! I CAN DISTILL OIL WELLS OF THE STUFF FOR YOU!
YOU CAN? THEN MAKE A GALLON OF IT! RIGHT NOW! I'LL COME FOR THE OIL WELLS, LATER!
IF THIS WORKS, I'LL BE THE WEALTHIEST, MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THE WORLD! I'LL HAVE SOLE OWNERSHIP OF THE MOST WONDROUS POTION IN THE HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSE!
8

AN HOUR LATER, IN THE DEN OF HIS HOME....
ANOTHER SECOND WILL TELL THE STORY! I'LL WISH FOR A SILVER PITCHER TO POUR THE MAGIC FLUID!
DOWN THE HATCH!
DADDY, WHAT ARE YOU DRINKING? CAN I HAVE SOME?
ONLY THING TO DO IS MAKE A CONCRETE CONTAINER AND SEAL THE BOTTLE IN IT, SO THAT THE LIQUID REMAINS UNTOUCHED FOREVER!
NO, DARLING, THIS LIQUID IS BAD FOR YOU. IT'S BITTER AND ROTTEN-TASTING. I'M GOING TO BUY YOU AN ICE-CREAM SODA INSTEAD!
ANOTHER FAILURE! NOTHING! THE SYNTHETIC LIQUID LACKS SOME ESSENTIAL SPIRIT WHICH RENDERS IT MAGICAL!...
AW, DADDY, PLEASE... GIVE ME SOME!
AN ICE CREAM SODA?..OH, GOODY! CAN I HAVE A CHOCOLATE ONE WITH TWO DIPS?
OF COURSE, DEAR.
I HAVE EVERYTHING I NEED..A HOME..A BEAUTIFUL WIFE AND CHILD.. MILLIONS IN THE BANK...
Later...
...IF I CONSERVE THE LAST FEW DROPS, I'LL HAVE COMPLETE INSURANCE THAT I'LL CONTINUE TO LIVE OUT MY NORMAL LIFE. I'LL SEE ABOUT THAT CONCRETE CONTAINER TOMORROW!
9

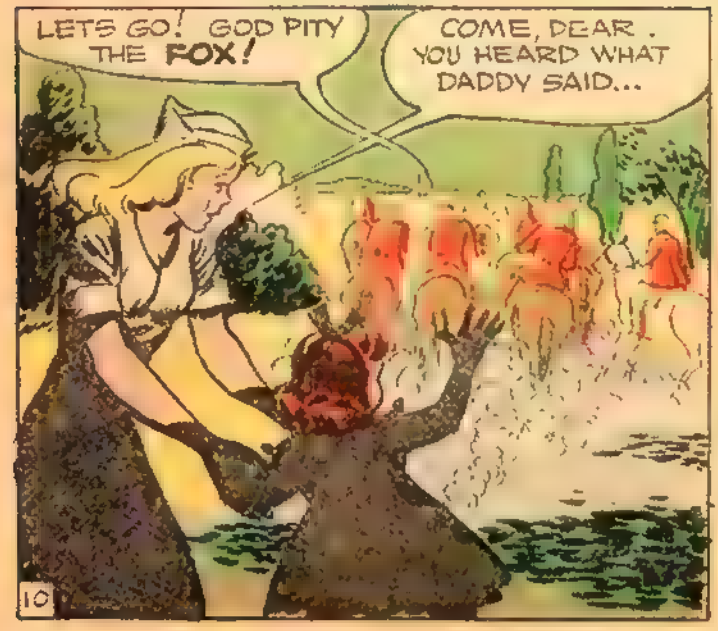

THE NEXT MORNING...
I WANT A CONCRETE RECEPTACLE FOR THIS BOTTLE...FOR PERMANENT SEALING! THERE MUST BE NO POSSIBILITY OF EVAPORATING, EITHER!
I GOTCHA... IT'S A CINCH TO MAKE!- HAVE IT FOR YOU IN A COUPLE OF DAYS!

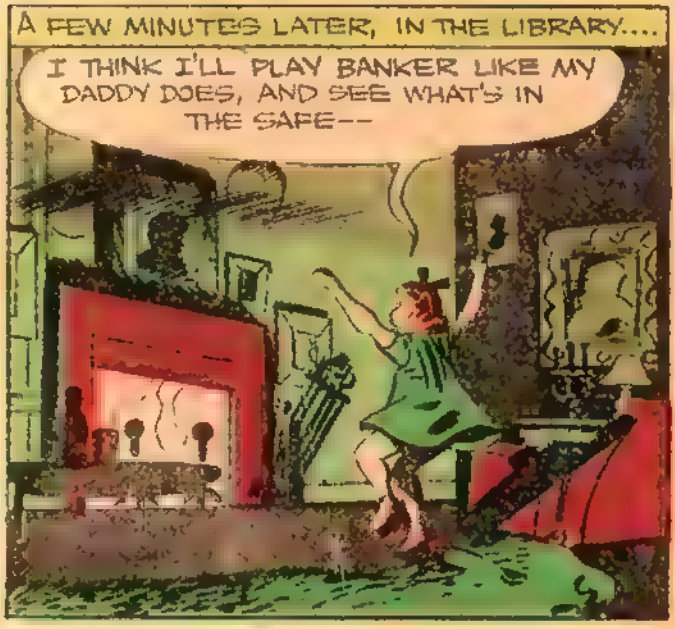
AT MYRON MORGAN'S HOME, THAT NIGHT....
WHY, MYRON... YOU HAVEN'T DANCED LIKE THIS FOR ALMOST TWO WEEKS!
I KNOW, DEAREST, I HAVEN'T BEEN...ER... "WELL"...BUT NOW I THINK I'M GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT!

I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT, DARLING, I WANT OUR FOX HUNT PARTY TO BE A REAL SUCCESS... AND IT COULDN'T IF YOU WEREN'T HAPPY!
I'M GOING TO BE SUPREMELY HAPPY, RONNIE, FROM NOW ON!


THE FOLLOWING DAY... THE FOX HUNT!
COME ON, MYRON! EVERYONE WILL CATCH THE FOX, BUT US!
WAIT A SECOND, RONNIE- I'VE GOT TO SAY GOODBYE TO SOMEONE!
DADDY, DADDY! KISS ME GOODBYE!

AFTER DADDY KISSES YOU, YOU'LL GO INSIDE THE HOUSE LIKE A GOOD GIRL, AND PLAY? AND 'LISTEN TO NURSE!
YES, DADDY! I LOVE YOU DADDY!


LETS GO! GOD PITY THE FOX!
COME, DEAR . YOU HEARD WHAT DADDY SAID...
10


A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN THE LIBRARY....
I THINK I'LL PLAY BANKER LIKE MY DADDY DOES, AND SEE WHAT'S IN THE SAFE--

GEE WILLIKENS...FIRST I FIND THE LITTLE DOOR OPEN!... DADDY MUST HAVE FORGOT TO CLOSE IT. THEN I FIND THIS FUNNY-LOOKING BOTTLE. ...HOW DIRTY IT IS!

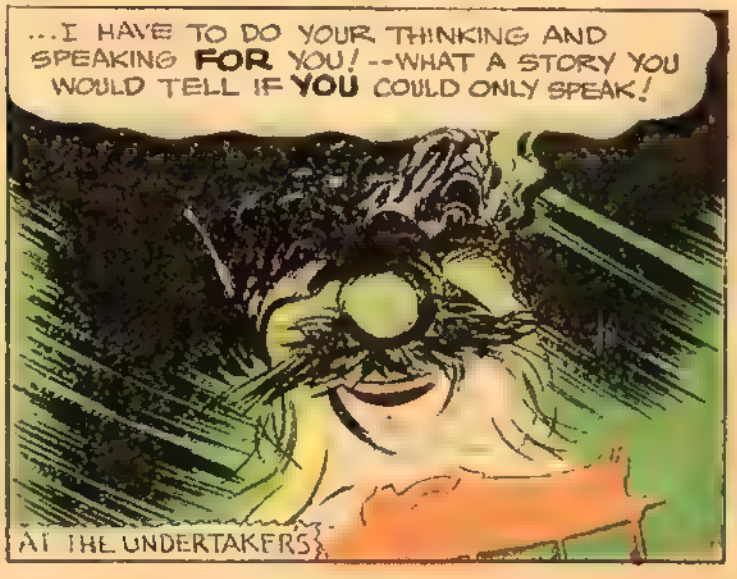
AT THE SAME TIME, ON THE FOX HUNT...
I'VE GOT EVERYTHING TO LIVE FOR...ONCE THE MENACE OF LOSING THE LIQUID IN THE BOTTLE IS REMOVED!... AND THAT'LL BE SOON!...

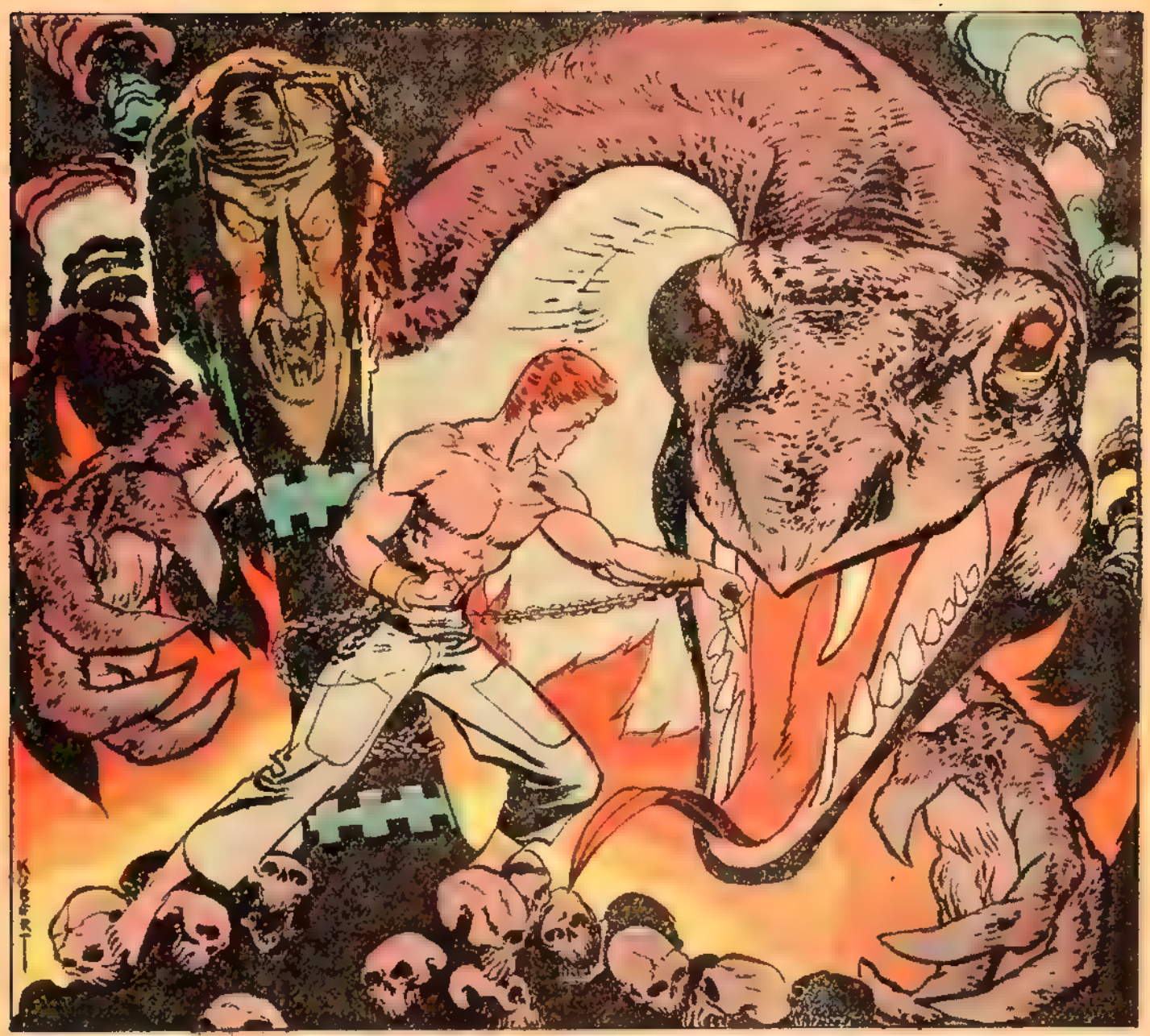
HOW UGLY THE BOTTLE IS...I HATE IT! THERE!
WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING?... GET OFF THAT CHAIR BEFORE YOU HURT YOURSELF!

WH.... ARRRGHH..
LOOK AT MORGAN, S-SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM!

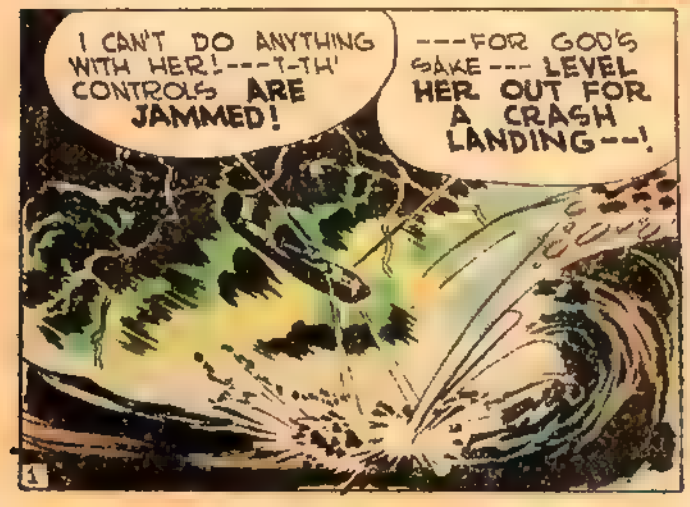
SHORTLY AFTER, IN THE LIBRARY...
YOU NAUGHTY G'RL! LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE! MAYE YOUR DADDY NEEDED THAT BOTTLE, AND SEE HOW YOU'VE SMASHED IT TO PIECES!
NEEDED IT!- YOU BET HE NEEDED IT, MADAM! LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO THE RICH MR. MYRON MORGAN WITHOUT IT!

REMEMBER THIS, MY BOY? YOU LIKED IT SO WELL, DIDN'T YOU? WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT NOW? OH, EXCUSE ME...I FORGOT! YOU CAN'T SEE AND YOU CAN'T THINK, CAN YOU, NOW?


...I HAVE TO DO YOUR THINKING AND SPEAKING FOR YOU! --WHAT A STORY YOU WOULD TELL IF YOU COULD ONLY SPEAK!
AT THE UNDERTAKERS



A U.S. MITCHELL BOMBER, ON A REGULAR CHARTING AND AERIAL EXPLORATION FLIGHT FROM ITS BASE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, RUNS INTO AN UNFORSEEN STORM... STRUGGLING TO REMAIN ALOFT, LITTLE DO THE AIRMEN KNOW THE HORRIBLE FATE THAT AWAITS THEM ON THE ISLAND OF **THE MAN-EATING LIZARDS!**



I CAN SEE THE OCEAN NOW!
LOOKIT THOSE WAVES!---
BERT! I THINK I'VE GOT HER LEVELED FOR A CRASH...!
B-BUT WE'RE SMACKING INTO THAT GIANT WAVE! PULL UP!
PULL UP...!
MOMENTS LATER...
THE PLANE'S FILLING LIKE A SPONGE...SHE'LL GO DOWN ANY SECOND! HOPE BERT'S NOT HURT BAD, THO HE SURE LOOKS IT!
BERT'LL KEEP HERE! THEN AFTER I GET MIKEY OUT, I'LL HAVE TO REACH THAT WING! I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT'S KEEPIN' THIS HUNK OF CEMENT AFLOAT!
MIKEY, PLEASE... DON'T CONK OUT ON ME, TOO! I'LL NEVER MAKE IT TO THE WING WITH BOTH OF YOU!---MIKEY!
OOOOH...
THANKS, B-BOSS ...IT'S ME SHOULDER... N-NOT ME---
I KNOW, MIKEY... BUT YOU'VE GOT TO TRY EVEN HARDER

HOW YOU DOING?---SHOULDER BOTHERING YOU?
P-PLENTY!...BUT WHAT TH' HECK...I BEEN THINKIN' ALL ME LIFE WITH HALF A BRAIN-I GUESS I K.N DO A LITTLE SWIMMIN' WITH HALF ME SHOULDERS!
BOSS!---SHE'S DIVIN'---I MEAN, SHE'S DOVE!
JOE AND LENNY WEREN'T AS LUCKY AS US...POOR GUYS!
I AIN'T SO SURE... MAYBE WE'RE JUST PROLONGIN THE AGONY!
A HALF HOUR LATER...
HOW IS HE?
NOT SO GOOD, MIKEY! ---AFTER THREE YEARS OF FIGHTIN' JAPS, AFTER SEEING THE WAR THROUGH TOGETHER, A LITTLE AERIAL SURVEYING LEADS TO THIS!
---IT'S FUNNY, ISN'T IT?
YEAH, VERY FUNNY! THEM SHARKS THINK IT'S FUNNY, TOO! MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE THEY HAVE ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW...TH' EATIN' SIDE O' THINGS!
HOURS LATER, AS DAWN RISES...
WILL TH' BOSS BE SURPRISED WHEN HE WAKES UP! MAYBE FRIENDLY NATIVES ARE THERE... MAYBE...
ON THE ISLAND, A MORE STARTLING SURPRISE THAN THAT WHICH MIKEY ANTICIPATES IS PREPARED!
OOLKAH
OOMBAH!
OONTAH
HAKOOL
OONTAH
3

SEE? NATIVES - THEY'RE COMIN' FOR US...!
COMING FOR US? I'LL SAY THEY' ARE!!
SOSH!
HOW DO YOU LIKE HIS NERVE?---TH' CHIEF'S ANGRY BECAUSE I DODGED AND LOST HIS SPEAR FOR 'IM!!
G-GOSH... I'D HATE TO FIND IT HIS WAY!---SKIPPER, WE'RE ON A SPOT!
MOMENTS LATER...
LOOK WHAT THEY'RE UP TO!-THEY'RE GOING TO TRAIL BERT'S BODY IN THE WATER...BUT THE SHARKS...THANK GOD. HE'S UNCONCIOUS!
NO-NO. THEY COULDN'T ... EVEN CANNIBALS DON'T COME THAT BLOODTHIRSTY!
MIKEY... ARE YOU THINKING OF WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO US?
YEAH- BUT I'M AFRAID TH' CHIEFS GOT A BETTER IMAGIN-ATION THAN ME!
HA HA HA
AND ALL THAT REMAINS OF SGT. ALBERT WHITE, U.S AIR CORPS, IS A SLIGHTLY BLOOD-TINGED PACIFIC OCEAN...
LATER, THROUGH THE 'STREETS' OF THE SAVAGE VILLAGE...
BOSS, FIRST WE THOUGHT JOE AN' LENNY WERE UNLUCKY GOING DOWN WITH THE PLANE. THEN SERGEANT WHITE, ATE UP BY SHARKS! NOW I THINK WE'RE THE UNLUCKY ONES!
MIKE-
NOTICE HOW MANY LIZARD FETISHES THERE ARE IN THIS VILLAGE?
4

NOTICE 'EM? WHAT DO YOU CALL THIS THING WE'RE COMIN' INTO? --- A MOVIE THEATRE??
A GIANT LIZARD! WHAT IS THIS OBSESSION WITH LIZARDS? I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT---
LIZARDS? WHO CARES ABOUT LIZARDS? GET A LOAD O' THEM BABES NEAR THE JOIK! MOM AND DAUGHTER, HUH?
YOU MEAN, QUEEN AND PRINCESS! THEY PROBABLY BELONG TO THE OLD MURDERER UP THERE!
IT'S ALL RIGHT, MIKE...THEY JUST WANT THE SO-CALLED HONOR OF ESCORTING US TO THE CHIEF--
WHEW! AN' I WUZ THINKIN' THEY WERE GOIN' TO EAT US WITHOUT THE BENEFIT O' ROASTIN'! --- AWRIGHT, BUB--- TAKE IT EASY!
IS THIS WHAT YOU CALL ESCORTIN'? OWWW!
THAT'S PROBABLY POLITENESS --- COMPARED TO WHAT'S COMING!!!
WELL, THANKS---THANKS! YOU LOOKED LIKE A GREAT, BIG, BEAUTIFUL DOLL, AND, BABY, YOU SURE ARE ONE!!
WATCH IT, MIKEY! BIG CHIEF NO LIKE!
SHUNK
GOLLY!
LOOK, SAM---MOMMA COMES TO THE RESCUE! WOT A GAL!
5

BUT AS IF WARNED BY A SIXTH SENSE---

TOO BAD! THE MONSTER HAS EYES IN THE BACK OF HIS HEAD!

OH.

BRASH

WHY, YOU DIRTY--- LET ME G-GO--!

DIDJA SEE TH' LOOK SHE GAVE TH' BIG CHEESE? IF I EVER SEEN MURDER IN A DAMES EYES, IT'S IN HER'S!

WHERE TO NOW? WE GOIN' BYE-BYE AGAIN?

MAYBE THIS TIME FOR **GOOD**, JUDGING BY HIS GESTURES?!!

TO ME IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S BEEFIN' SOMETHIN' 'BOUT FOOD---ABOUT **EATIN'**! G-GOSH, SAM--- YOU DON'T THINK---?

I DON'T KNOW... IT SURE **LOOKS** LIKE THAT. IT'S A CINCH HE ISN'T FEEDING **US!**

THEN, OUT OF THE TEMPLE, THROUGH THE VILLAGE AND ITS MYSTERIOUS WALL, INTO THE STEAMING JUNGLE...

WONDER WHAT THAT WALL IS FOR? A PROTECTION OF SOME KIND---BUT AGAINST WHAT?

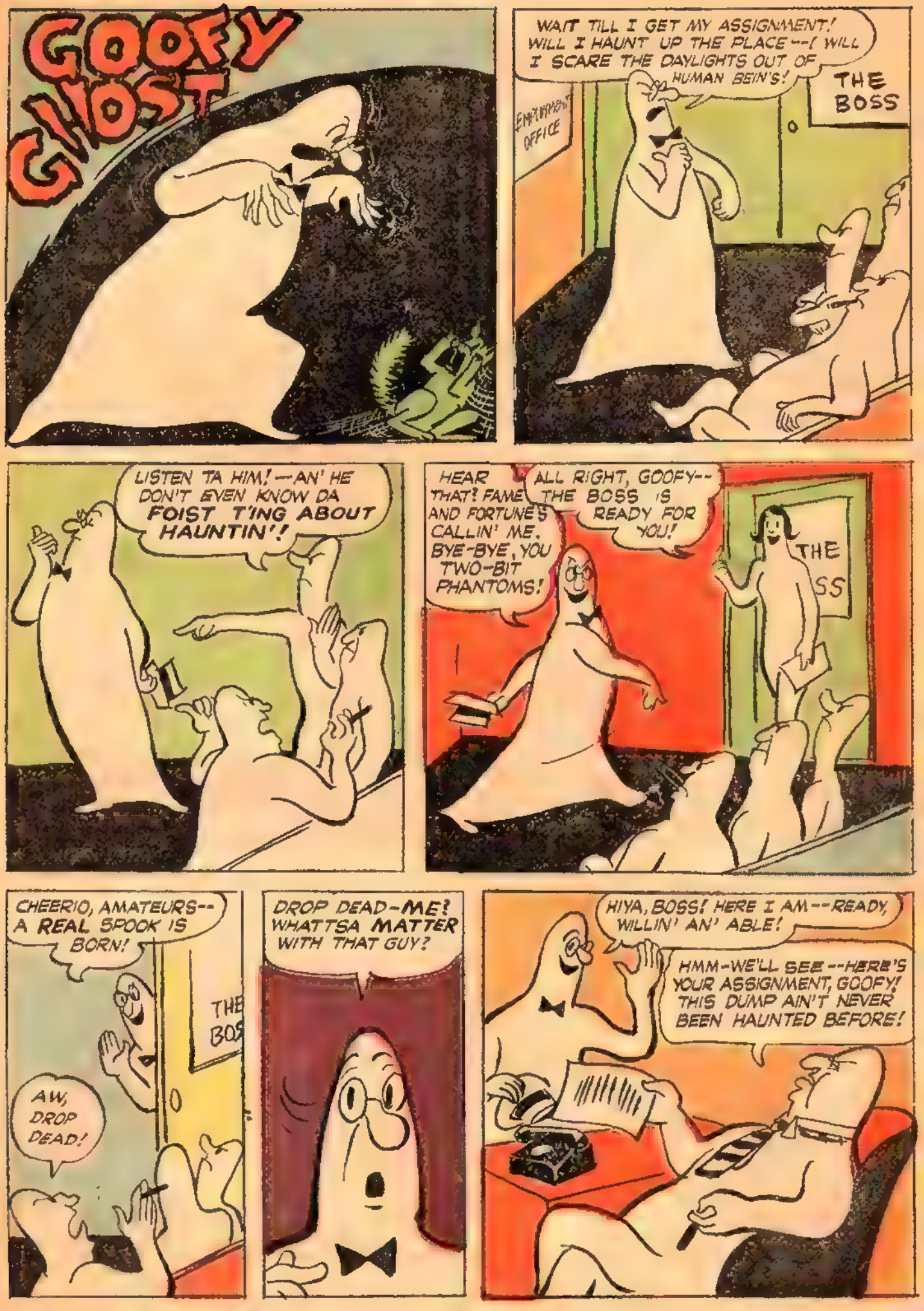
LOOKA THAT---LIKE **LUNA PARK!**

BUT A LOT LESS FUN, MIKE! I'VE A HUNCH THAT THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE... **OUR** LINE!!

AND WOT'S HE DOIN' ON TH' TOP O' THIS THING?---GIVIN' TH' STATUE A HOTHEAD?
NO---HE MUST BE PREPARING A SIGNAL OF SOME KIND!
EEEEEE
WHAT DID I TELL YOU, VAE? RECOGNIZE THE ODOR OF THE STUFF HE'S BURNING?--- IT'S SOME KIND O' FAT!
THAT SMELLS AWFUL!--- WHAT'S IT MEAN, SAM?
AS THE ODOR DRIFTS ACROSS THE JUNGLE, IT'LL PROBABLY BE SNIFFED BY SOMETHING OR SOMEBODY WHO'S GOT A DIGESTIVE INTEREST IN US!
THE VILLAGERS RETURN TO THEIR HOMES! ALL EXCEPT NIKA, THE CHIEF...NIKA AND HIS BODYGUARDS REMAIN TO WITNESS THE SACRIFICE!
HOURS LATER, AS NIGHT DESCENDS UPON THE JUNGLE---
WOTTA SPOT!--- THAT SMELL ALL AROUND US, AND I CAN'T EVEN HOLD ME NOSE!
WHATEVER'S COMING FOR US, OBVIOUSLY PROWLS AROUND ONLY AT NIGHT--- A WHOLE DAY'S PASSED.
BUT SOMEWHERE DEEP IN THE FATHOMLESS JUNGLE, THE ODOR IS FINALLY PERCEIVED---
SNIFF
GRRRR RRR
S-SAM---DIDJA HEAR THAT!
YEAH---NO MISTAKE NOW, MIKE!---SOMETHING THAT ISN'T HUMAN'S COMING FOR US!

THE SOUND IS ALSO HEARD BY THE VIGILANT SAVAGES, WHEN---
GRRRR RR
SUDDENLY, DEATH STRIKES FROM NO-WHERE
THU-WK
A NOWHERE THAT MATERIALIZES IN BEAUTIFULLY SAVAGE FORM
HPLA
AIII
ROGAH!
THAT'S WHAT ALL THE SCREAMING WAS ABOUT---! THE DAMES'RE RESCUING US, TH DARLIN'S!
GREAT SCOTT, MIKE--- YOU'RE RIGHT!
RRRRRRR
AFTER BINDING NIKA TO THE SACRIFICIAL POST, THE FOUR NEW-FOUND FRIENDS HEAR THE THUNDERING ROARS GETTING CLOSER!
THEY DIDN'T ARRIVE A SEC TO SOON, SAM---!
8

THEN, CRASHING THRU THE JUNGLE INTO THE CLEARING---
KRR
RR RRP
SAM! LOOK! THAT'S WHAT WE'RE MISSIN'!
GIANT LIZARDS! MANEATING LIZARDS--- THAT'S WHAT ALL THIS LIZARD WORSHIP'S ABOUT!
WHEW! THEY MUST BE BLIND, NOT SEEING US GO PAST SO CLOSE TO THEM!
THAT'S IT! THAT EXPLAINS THE FAT BURNING! THE MONSTERS ARE BLIND... LUCKILY FOR US!
AS THE AMERICANS WITH NATIVE ESCORT RACE TO FREEDOM, NIKA BEGINS TO REALIZE THE MEANING OF---
RRR RRR R
SACRIFICE
AS THE SKY REDDENS WITH DAWN, FAR OUT AT SEA, FAR FROM THE ISLAND OF THE MAN-EATING LIZARDS-
FIRST THEY SAVE US FROM SOLVING THE MEAT SHORTAGE FOR LIZARDS, THEN THEY TELL US WHERE TO FIND PEACEFUL NATIVES! LAST OF ALL, THEY'RE NUTS ABOUT US!- WHAT COULD BE SWEETER, SAM?
THE REPORT I'M MAKING OUT WHEN WE GET BACK TO BASE! THE U.S.A. HAS A LOT OF BARBARISM TO WIPE OUT AND A LOT OF LIZARD-HUNTING TO DO, BEFORE THIS OLD PACIFIC OCEAN IS REALLY PEACEFUL!!
9
SAM AND MIKE REACHED THEIR BASE A FEW DAYS LATER .. A BOMBER SQUADRON MAKES SHORT WORK OF THE ISLAND'S STRANGE, BLOODTHIRSTY INHABITANTS ---AND NOW, THE ISLAND LIES PEACEFULLY ON THE VAST PACIFIC


GOOFY GHOST
WAIT TILL I GET MY ASSIGNMENT! WILL I HAUNT UP THE PLACE--! WILL I SCARE THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF HUMAN BEIN'S!
THE BOSS
LISTEN TA HIM!—AN' HE DON'T EVEN KNOW DA FOIST T'ING ABOUT HAUNTIN'!
HEAR THAT? FAME AND FORTUNE'S CALLIN' ME. BYE-BYE, YOU TWO-BIT PHANTOMS!
ALL RIGHT, GOOFY-- THE BOSS IS READY FOR YOU!
THE SS
CHEERIO, AMATEURS-- A REAL SPOOK IS BORN!
AW, DROP DEAD!
DROP DEAD-ME! WHATTSA MATTER WITH THAT GUY?
HIYA, BOSS! HERE I AM--READY, WILLIN' AN' ABLE!
HMM-WE'LL SEE--HERE'S YOUR ASSIGNMENT, GOOFY! THIS DUMP AIN'T NEVER BEEN HAUNTED BEFORE!

DON'T WORRY, SIR! - I'LL SCARE THE JOINT OFF THE MAP OR DIE IN THE ATTEMPT!
BEST OF LUCK, GOOFY- GIVE IT THAT OLD COLLEGE TRY!
THERE IT IS-- MY FIRST ASSIGNMENT!
SHORTLY AFTER~~~
HEH-HEH! AM I GONNA HAVE FUN! AM I GONNA MAKE SKINS CRAWL!
HOOO- WOOOOO
Y-Y-YIPE! WHAT'S THAT?
HOOO- WOOOOO
YE-OWWW! MIGOSH-- I AM ALONE! W-WHAT AM I GONNA DO!
WOOOOOO HOOO!
YIIIII-- I'LL BE MURDERED-- I G-GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!
HOOOO WOOOO!!
OH, GOSH! - HOW'M I EVER GONNA FACE THE GANG? I A.N'T EVEN BEGUN MY CAREER, AND I'M SCARED OF HAUNTING PLACES! I SHOULDA TOOK MY VITAMINS!
MORE EERIE ADVENTURES of GOOFY GHOST IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF EERIE COMICS!

The door opened and a pleasant-looking girl with a quiet gaze led Mr. Grohson into the sitting room.

"My sister will be down presently," said the girl, disappearing with his coat and hat.

Grohson wondered what Mrs. Grohson would be like, whether she, too, would give him the cold reception he had received in this gloomy little village. A district attorney come to a village to convict a native son of murder despite the man's passionate denial of it, cannot be very popular with the townspeople when they are in sympathy with the accused.

At any rate, there was a strong fire blazing in the fireplace to offset the November cold. Grohson took a position in front of the snapping blaze and spread grateful palms toward the warmth. He look down at his feet, surprised that they should remain so cold in spite of the fire. But drafts of cool air were coming from somewhere inside the house. As he crouched near the floor in front of the fireplace, moving his hands about, slowly, suspiciously, the girl returned.

Grohson caught sight of her and stood erect. "Seems to be a draft somewhere in the house," he commented, by way of explaining his actions.

The girl did not reply. She took a seat at the opposite end of the room and folded her hands in her lap.

"How long do you mean to stay?" asked the girl, following an embarrassing stillness.

"That's hard to say. It depends." Clearly, this girl shared the attitude of the villagers, who seemed satisfied with the defendant's explanation that he shot and killed his brother, thinking him a robber . . . What a naive alibi! Perhaps, Grohson frequently mused, only a *guiltless* man could be so unsubtle as to base his defense on a momentary, though fatal, delusion.

"Do you know anything about my older sister?" inquired the girl.

"Very little. Only that she had a few rooms for tourists."

"Then you know next to nothing about her?" persisted the girl.

"Only her name and address," acknowledged the visitor. Why was the girl so insistent? Grohson wondered what there was about the house that made him feel nervous. Had it anything to do with *Mrs. Brougham?* And then, that blamed, shivery draft along the floor! Grim lines appeared along the girl's mouth. A certain harshness entered her voice.

"My sister's tragedy happened exactly one year ago," said the girl. "I don't suppose anybody told you."

"Her *tragedy?*" repeated Grohson.

"You may be curious why we keep

the rear door open on a cold November day," said the girl, rising and walking toward the hallway. She nodded to Grohson and Grohson followed her. The kitchen door leading to the garage of the house was wide open and blasts of freezing air gusted madly into the room. The door was restrained from violent swinging by a cord tied around the doorknob and fixed to a steampipe behind the door. Grohson's jaws gaped with amazement.

"I don't understand," gasped Grohson, quailing before the winds that whipped into the kitchen. "What has this *open door* got to do with your sister's *tragedy?*"

"Through that door, one year ago to the day, my brother-in-law and his son went for a drive. They never came back. In crossing a bridge they swerved to avoid collision with a car coming from the opposite direction and crashed through the guard rails, falling fifty feet into the river . . . where they drowned. It was days before their bodies were recovered. When they were, the corpses looked too gruesome to be exhibited and were never seen by my sister. That's the terrible part of it." Here the girl's voice lost its reserve and broke down into something stumblingly pathetic. "Poor Helen always thinks that her husband and son will *come back* one day, and burst in through that door laughing as they used to do. That is why the door is left open every afternoon until it is quite dark. Do you know, Mr. Grohson, sometimes on a crisp, icy afternoon like this, I *myself* get an eerie feeling that they will come in again through that door—"

The girl broke off with a shudder that was not occasioned by the cold. Then, despondently, they returned to the sitting room, where Grohson sat for a time, staring unhappily into the fireplace. The girl just looked at the floor at her feet. Then, suddenly, Mrs. Brougham flurried into the room with a swirl of apologies for being so late.

"I hope Clara has been entertaining you?" she said.

"Your sister has been most interesting," replied Grohson.

"I hope you don't mind our open door," Mrs. Brougham went on. "My husband and son will soon be at home. They just went down to the railroad station to pick up some gardening tools."

"Have *you* any children, Mr. Grohson?" Mrs. Brougham asked very sweetly. Grohson replied gruffly that he wasn't fortunate enough to be married. Mrs. Brougham continued to talk about Teddy and her husband. —As if they were actually going to

enter the room at any moment. Grohson listened with horror to a whole series of anecdotes about the little family. The thing was so appalling! —Mrs. Brougham would remain unchanged forever. And *the door!* . . . That door would be open forever, awaiting people who could never materialize in this life!

It was in the midst of some inconsequential debate that Mrs. Brougham straightened up in alertness . . . She raised her finger and cocked her head brightly. *"They're coming!"* she said.

Grohson looked at the girl in amazement. The girl's face was a blank. Her eyes widened.

Mrs. Brougham clasped her hands joyously. "Back just in time for Teddy's afternoon milk!"

The girl rose hastily and began to comfort her older sister, who protested, "What are you talking about, Clara . . . they're NOT coming? Why, I head them *distinctly!* Ben's car is making the turn into the driveway now!"

It was true. The cold coughing of a car was audible. The girl's eyes started from her head as she heard something roar to a stop behind the house. Mrs. Brougham's face was wreathed in smiles. "They're back! They're back!" she cried, rapturously. Grohson felt faint. Even the draft along the floor grew colder. Outside, a car door slammed and voices rang forth in a merry argument. The girl tossed a glance at the hallway leading to the kitchen and then began to shrink toward the fireplace, with one hand clutching her throat. Grohson knew the blood was drained from his own face. A heavy footfall sounded in the hallway and then a quick patter of feet. Mrs. Brougham sprang to the hallway and shouted, "Darling!" Her arms were outstretched gayly. Both Grohson and the girl stood shoulder to shoulder, their backs to the fire, terror crystalizing in their ashen-pale faces. They screamed simultaneously, as a little child bounded into the room and a tall, strapping fellow in a plaid mackinaw took Mrs. Brougham in his laughing embrace.

"That's Mr. Grohson, darling," introduced Mrs. Brougham, indicating the shrieking man at the fireplace. Brougham came at Grohson with a large hand cordially extended. "Put it there!" he boomed. Grohson struck wildly at the apparition's hand and filled the room with his shrieks. The girl was shrieking, too, her hands to her temples, but a strange note had crept into her voice. Grohson, whose heart felt like ice, stared at the girl. She was . . . LAUGHING!—Could it be hysteria?

But Mrs. Brougham was laughing, too. And Teddy, her dead child! And Mr. Brougham!—Why, he was roaring with mirth, tears coursing down his cheeks! Grohson stopped screaming and watched them, struck dumb with astonishment.

"Why are you all . . . l-laughing?" he managed to say, haltingly, fearfully. The girl pointed a finger at Grohson, narrowed her eyes, and stopped laughing. So did the others, completely. The room was silent as a tomb.

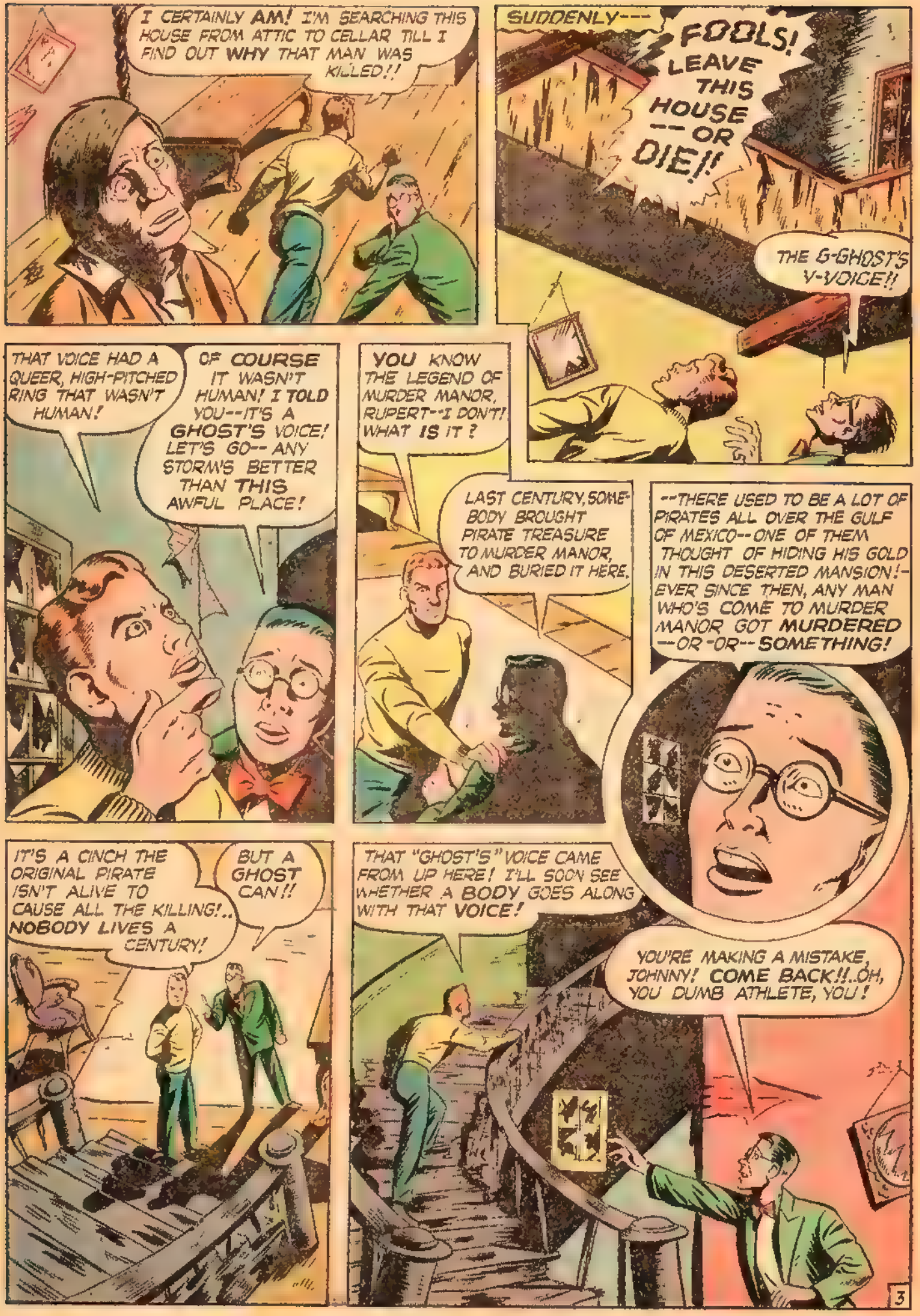
"There, Mr. Prosecutor . . . there is your proof! Your PROOF, do you hear! So you don't believe in illusions! You didn't believe George Macready's story about how he accidentally shot his brother! What do you say NOW, eh? Is it possible to have delusions? Is it possible to mistake people, eh? — Even the LIVING for the DEAD?"

In a moment, district attorney Grohson understood everything. It had all been an ingenious, chilling trick! He bowed his head. He had learned something. And he never forgot his lesson.

To witness: Two weeks later, George Macready was released from murder charges. Mr. Grohson's grounds for dropping the case: Macready had an illusion . . . a *very strange illusion!*

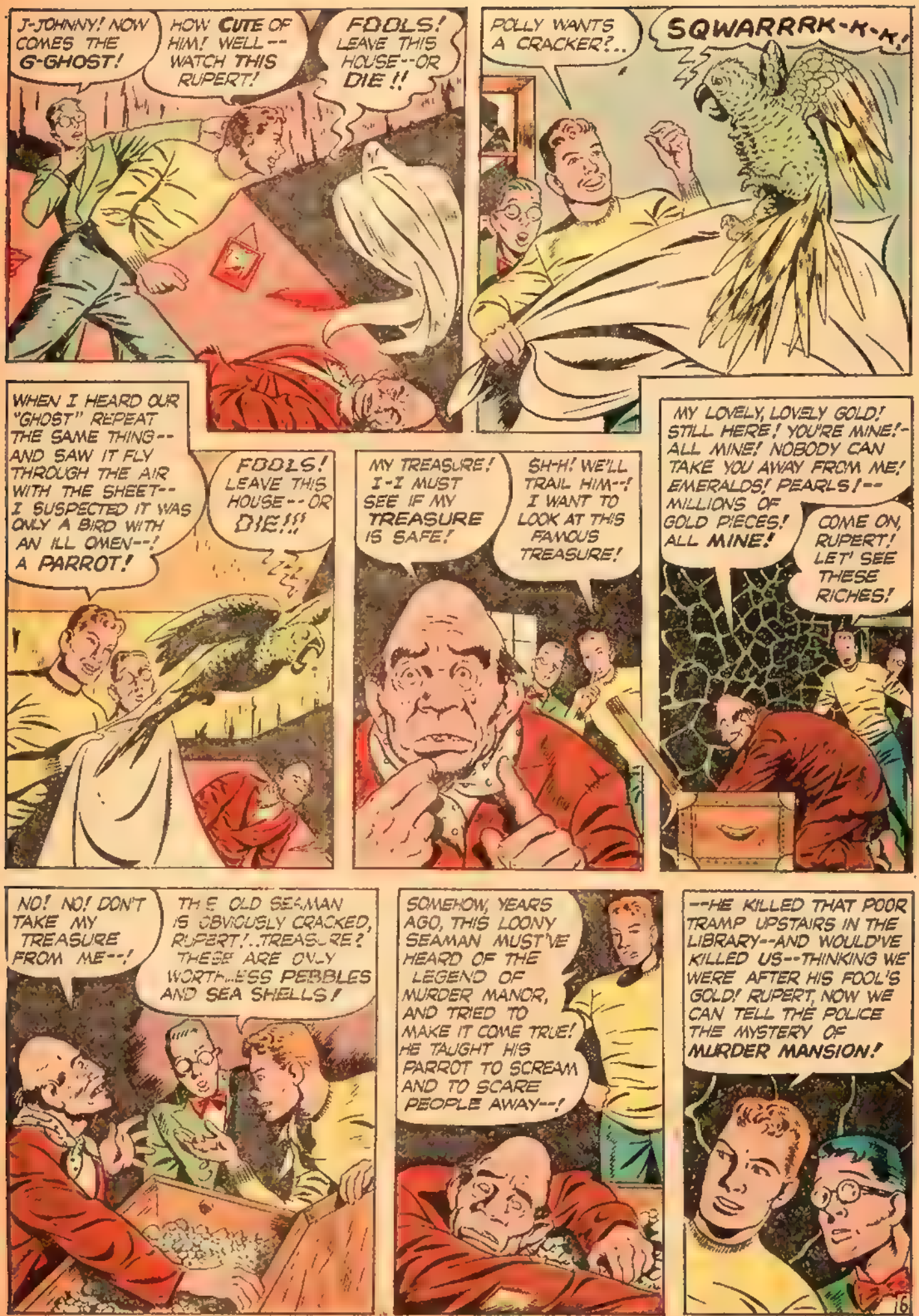
MYSTERY of MURDER MANOR
THROUGHOUT LOUSIANA, THE MURDER MANOR WAS A NAME SYMBOLIZING TERROR! MANY A DEAD MAN KNEW ITS SECRET BUT NO LIVING MAN !!! BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP JOHNNY AND RUPERT RAWLINGS FROM LEARNING THE "MYSTERY of MURDER MANOR!"
A TROPICAL GALE CATCHES JOHNNY AND RUPERT RAWLINGS WHILE THEY GO EXPLORING LOUISIANA'S BAYOU COUNTRY--
I'D RATHER STAY ON THE WATER THAN ON THIS HAUNTED LAND, JOHNNY!
BECAUSE OF THAT SILLY LEGEND ABOUT MURDER MANOR?... NONSENSE!
IT'S BETTER TO SEEK SHELTER IN MURDER MANOR THAN TO DROWN IN SNAKE CREEK! THIS IS ONE OF THE WORST GALES I'VE EVER BEEN IN!
WELL, DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU THAT A LOT OF MEN HAVE GONE INTO MURDER MANOR-- BUT NONE'S COME OUT!

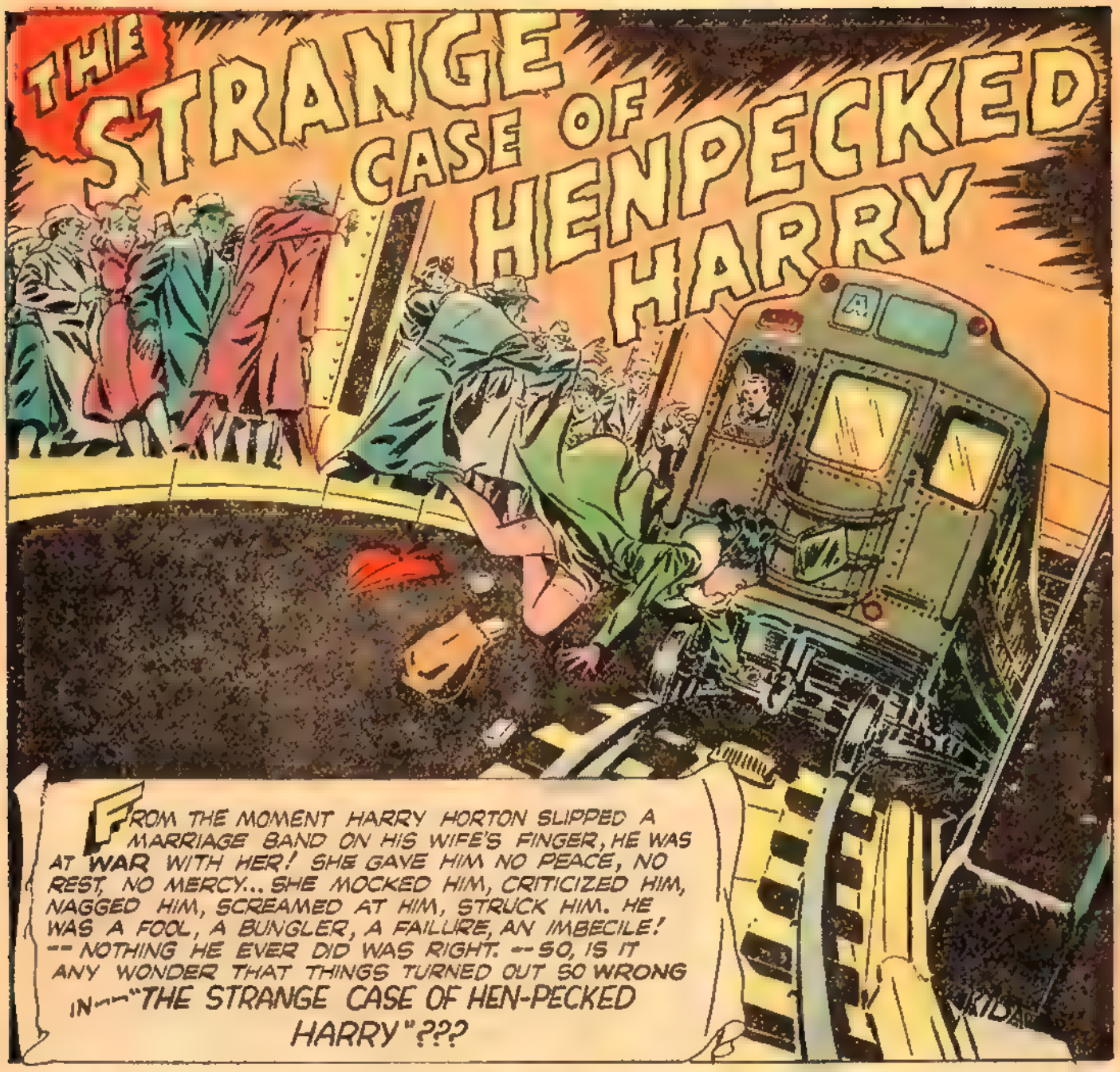
THERE'S MURDER MANOR, NOW!
THEN LET'S GET AWAY WHILE WE STILL HAVE THE CHANCE!!
SEE HOW HOSPITABLE YOUR GHOSTS ARE, RUPERT? THEY'VE EVEN LEFT THE DOOR OPEN!
WHY DON'T WE BE SMART LIKE THAT RAT, AND RUN AWAY FROM THIS SPOOK HOUSE?--BECAUSE YOU'RE SO MONSTROUSLY STUBBORN!
WH-WHAT WAS THAT?...
ONLY THE DOOR! STOP BEING NERVOUS, RUPERT-- THERE'S NOBODY HERE BUT US!
SQUEAK
I'M NOT SO SURE -- NOBODY'S HERE -- WHAT ABOUT GHOSTS?
..I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS!
NICE AND DRY FOR A BROKEN-DOWN HOUSE! IT'LL DO US FOR THE NIGHT!
J-JOHNNY! L-LOOK!!
A DEAD MAN!! H-HANGED!
DEAD ABOUT A WEEK, I'D SAY! BUT... WHY?
YOU-- YOU AREN'T GOING TO STOP TO FIND OUT--ARE YOU, J-JOHNNY?
12

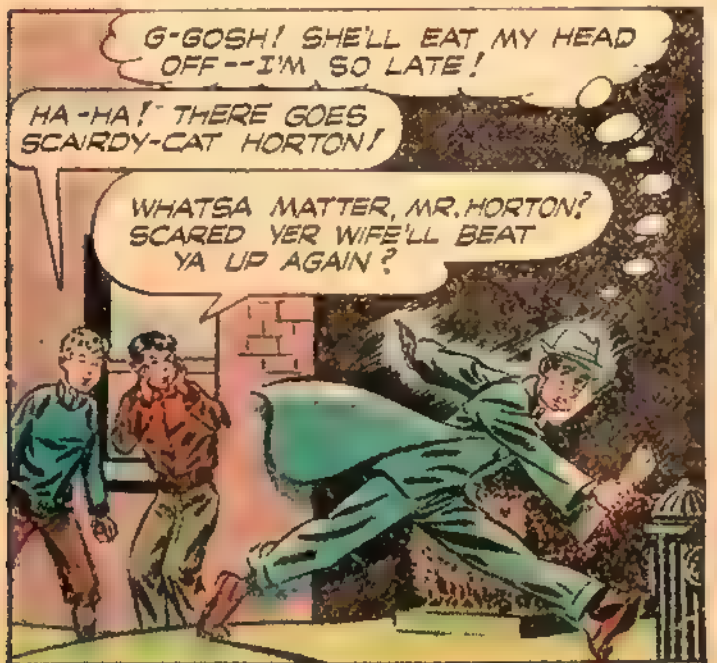

I CERTAINLY AM! I'M SEARCHING THIS HOUSE FROM ATTIC TO CELLAR TILL I FIND OUT WHY THAT MAN WAS KILLED!!
SUDDENLY---
FOOLS! LEAVE THIS HOUSE --OR DIE!!
THE G-GHOST'S V-VOICE!!
THAT VOICE HAD A QUEER, HIGH-PITCHED RING THAT WASN'T HUMAN!
OF COURSE IT WASN'T HUMAN! I TOLD YOU--IT'S A GHOST'S VOICE! LET'S GO-- ANY STORM'S BETTER THAN THIS AWFUL PLACE!
YOU KNOW THE LEGEND OF MURDER MANOR, RUPERT--I DON'T! WHAT IS IT ?
LAST CENTURY, SOMEBODY BROUGHT PIRATE TREASURE TO MURDER MANOR, AND BURIED IT HERE.
--THERE USED TO BE A LOT OF PIRATES ALL OVER THE GULF OF MEXICO--ONE OF THEM THOUGHT OF HIDING HIS GOLD IN THIS DESERTED MANSION!- EVER SINCE THEN, ANY MAN WHO'S COME TO MURDER MANOR GOT MURDERED --OR -OR-- SOMETHING!
IT'S A CINCH THE ORIGINAL PIRATE ISN'T ALIVE TO CAUSE ALL THE KILLING!.. NOBODY LIVES A CENTURY!
BUT A GHOST CAN!!
THAT "GHOST'S" VOICE CAME FROM UP HERE! I'LL SOON SEE WHETHER A BODY GOES ALONG WITH THAT VOICE!
YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE, JOHNNY! COME BACK!!..OH, YOU DUMB ATHLETE, YOU!
3

I'LL TRY THIS ROOM FIRST!
SIGHT TO FREEZE THE BLOOD!
FOOLS! LEAVE THIS HOUSE--OR DIE!!
YEOW!! THE-G-GHOST!
FOOLS! LEAVE THIS HOUSE--OR DIE!!
HE'S GOT A PRETTY SMALL VOCABULARY!... KEEPS SAYING THE SAME THING!
FOOLS! LEAVE THIS HOUSE--OR DIE!!
IT'S NOT AN ORDINARY WALKING GHOST, EITHER! IT FLIES!!
MEANWHILE--DOWNSTAIRS IN THE LIBRARY--
I WISH JOHNNY'D COME ON DOWN HERE! I-I'M GETTING NERVOUS!..BEGINNING TO HEAR THINGS!
HEH-HEH!
YI-EEE-A N-NOOSE!
NOW YOU WILL JOIN THE VILLAINS ON EXECUTION DOCK! NOW YOU WILL DIE LIKE ALL PIRATES MUST DIE! -
HELP! (CHOKE) HELP!
4

TRY TO GET MY TREASURE, WILL YOU? TRY IT-- AND DIE!!
J-JOHNNY! H-HELP!!
NOBODY CAN HELP YOU NOW! HEH-HEH! THE GHOST GOT JOHNNY! JOHNNY'S DEAD!
...NOT YET, MY HANDSOME FRIEND!
OH-H-H!
KNOCKED YOURSELF SILLY, EH? GOOD!
CRACK!
MY FAVORITE CONFEDERATE GENERAL! "BOB LEE"! HERE TO HELP A SON OF THE SOUTH!
HERE'S THE KIND OF SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY WE DISH OUT TO THE LIKES OF YOU!
SMASH-H
URGH-H
OOO-OO-O! WHAT A CRACK!
NOW TO CUT YOUR THROAT! CUT-THROAT FASHION!
5


J-JOHNNY! NOW COMES THE G-GHOST!
HOW CUTE OF HIM! WELL--WATCH THIS RUPERT!
FOOLS! LEAVE THIS HOUSE--OR DIE!!
POLLY WANTS A CRACKER?..
SQWARRRK-K-K!
WHEN I HEARD OUR "GHOST" REPEAT THE SAME THING--AND SAW IT FLY THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE SHEET--I SUSPECTED IT WAS ONLY A BIRD WITH AN ILL OMEN--! A PARROT!
FOOLS! LEAVE THIS HOUSE--OR DIE!!!
MY TREASURE! I-I MUST SEE IF MY TREASURE IS SAFE!
SH-H! WE'LL TRAIL HIM--! I WANT TO LOOK AT THIS FAMOUS TREASURE!
MY LOVELY, LOVELY GOLD! STILL HERE! YOU'RE MINE!--ALL MINE! NOBODY CAN TAKE YOU AWAY FROM ME! EMERALDS! PEARLS!--MILLIONS OF GOLD PIECES! ALL MINE!
COME ON, RUPERT! LET' SEE THESE RICHES!
NO! NO! DON'T TAKE MY TREASURE FROM ME--!
THE OLD SEAMAN IS OBVIOUSLY CRACKED, RUPERT!..TREASURE? THESE ARE ONLY WORTHLESS PEBBLES AND SEA SHELLS!
SOMEHOW, YEARS AGO, THIS LOONY SEAMAN MUST'VE HEARD OF THE LEGEND OF MURDER MANOR, AND TRIED TO MAKE IT COME TRUE! HE TAUGHT HIS PARROT TO SCREAM AND TO SCARE PEOPLE AWAY--!
--HE KILLED THAT POOR TRAMP UPSTAIRS IN THE LIBRARY--AND WOULD'VE KILLED US--THINKING WE WERE AFTER HIS FOOL'S GOLD! RUPERT, NOW WE CAN TELL THE POLICE THE MYSTERY OF MURDER MANSION!

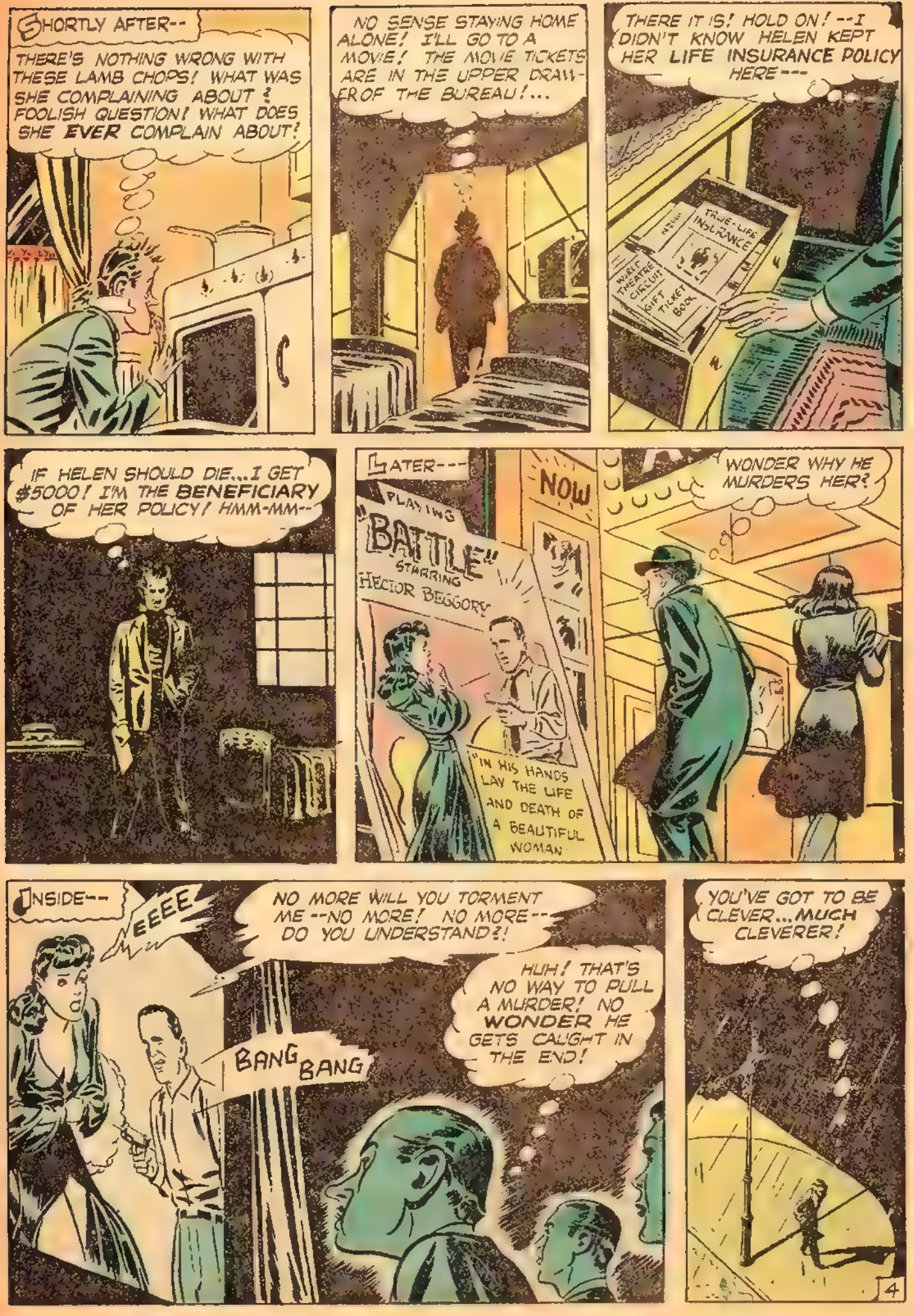

THE STRANGE CASE OF HENPECKED HARRY
FROM THE MOMENT HARRY HORTON SLIPPED A MARRIAGE BAND ON HIS WIFE'S FINGER, HE WAS AT WAR WITH HER! SHE GAVE HIM NO PEACE, NO REST, NO MERCY... SHE MOCKED HIM, CRITICIZED HIM, NAGGED HIM, SCREAMED AT HIM, STRUCK HIM. HE WAS A FOOL, A BUNGLER, A FAILURE, AN IMBECILE! -- NOTHING HE EVER DID WAS RIGHT. -- SO, IS IT ANY WONDER THAT THINGS TURNED OUT SO WRONG IN--"THE STRANGE CASE OF HEN-PECKED HARRY"???


G-GOSH! SHE'LL EAT MY HEAD OFF--I'M SO LATE!
HA-HA! THERE GOES SCAIRDY-CAT HORTON!
WHATSA MATTER, MR. HORTON? SCARED YER WIFE'LL BEAT YA UP AGAIN?

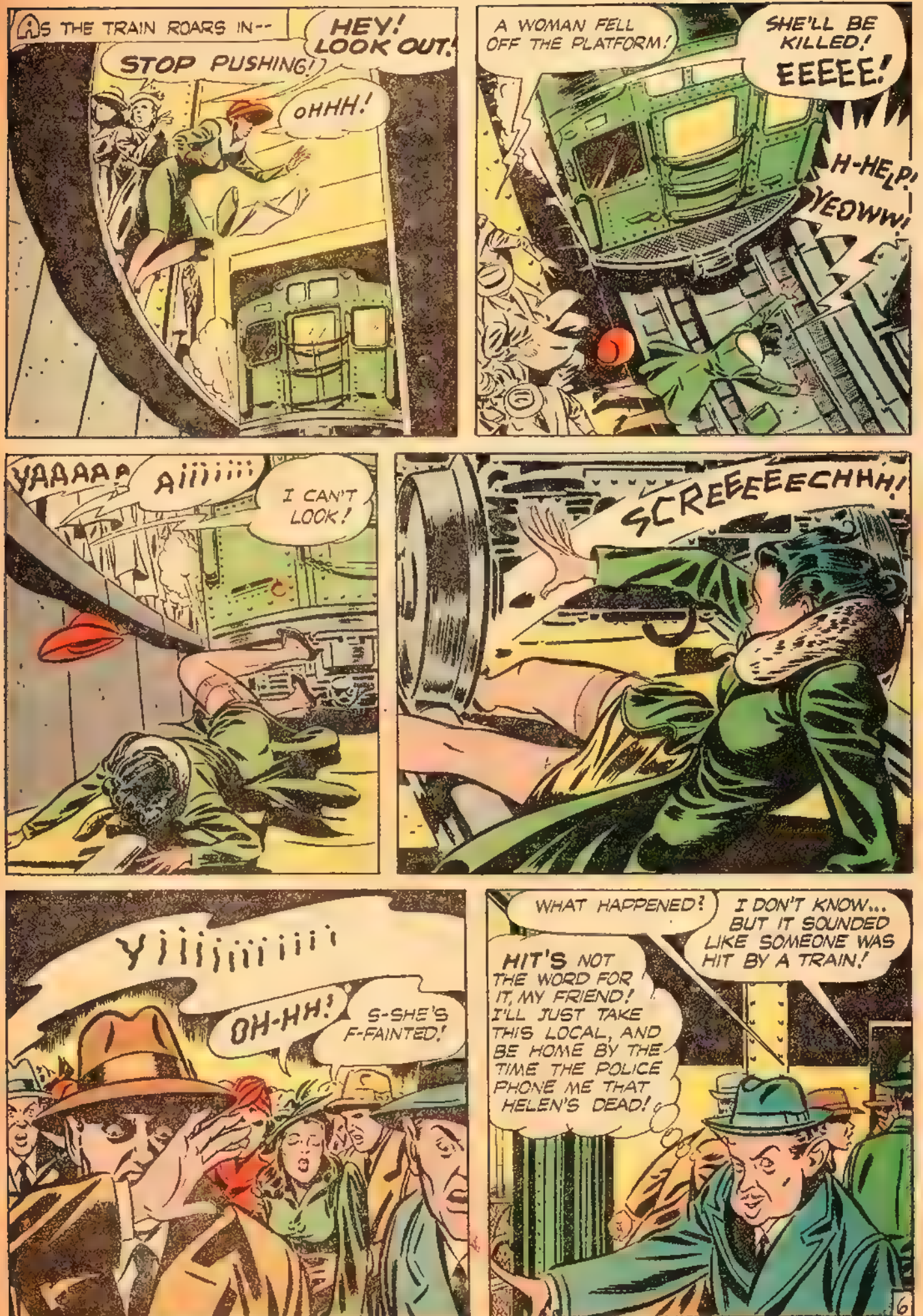
CAN'T WAIT FOR THE ELEVATOR TO COME DOWN-- I'LL RUN THE SIX FLIGHTS!
THAT'S THE MR. HORTON I WAS TELLIN' YOU ABOUT! HE'S RUNNIN' CAUSE HE'S LATE!

...BUT 'TWON'T DO NO GOOD! SHE'LL YELL JUST THE SAME! YOU'LL HEAR HER WAY UP AND DOWN THE COURT!
LET'S GET UPSTAIRS FAST, SO'S WE CAN LISTEN!
UPSTAIRS---
=HELEN?! I'M SORRY I'M LATE!=
YOU MEAN YOU'LL BE SORRIER!
H-HELEN! PLEASE..! I--I-- CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!
ZING
BONG
THERE IS NO EXPLANATION! YOU'RE LATE! DELIBERATELY LATE! YOU DID IT TO EXASPERATE ME! YOU KNOW I'VE GOT LAMB CHOPS FOR SUPPER, IN THE OVEN! NOT ONLY DO I HAVE TO COOK, CLEAN, AND WORK FOR YOU, BUT I HAVE TO PUT UP WITH ALL YOUR WICKED, MALICIOUS TRICKS!
BUT HELEN, IT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE BEEN LATE IN A YEAR!
LOOK AT THAT PAPER! LOOK HOW CRUMPLED IT IS! HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU I WANT TO READ THE PAPER FIRST!
I F-FORGOT..
AND IS THIS WHERE YOU PUT YOUR OVERCOAT? IS THAT WHY I KEEP THE HOUSE CLEAN? --FOR YOU TO THROW YOUR DIRTY OVERCOAT ALL OVER THE FURNITURE?
HELEN, THE COAT'S NOT DIRTY... I JUST.... OH-H-H--

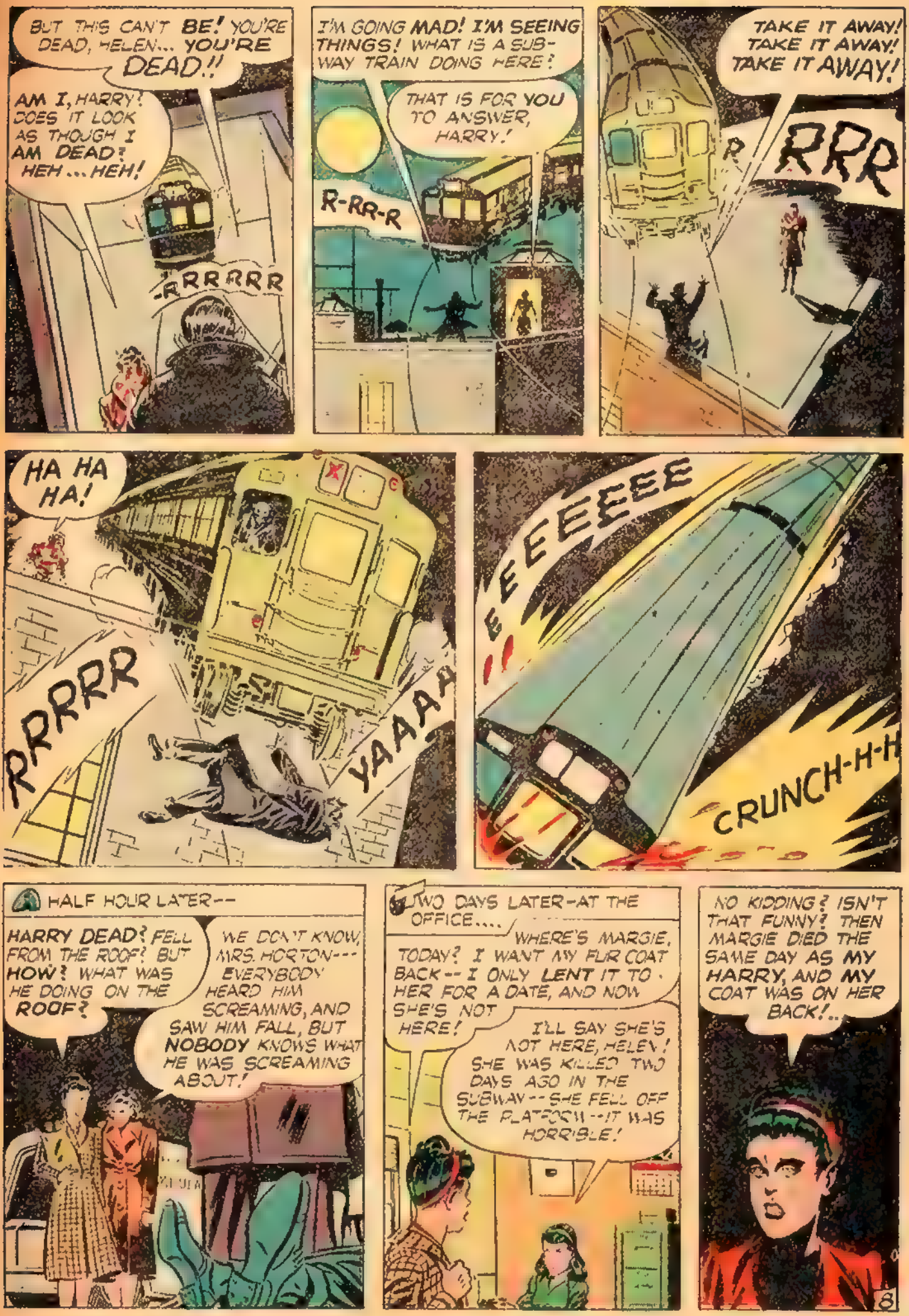
LOOK WHAT YOU TRUCKED INTO THE HOUSE!! ALL THE DIRT IN THE STREET! LOOK AT THAT CARPET, YOU FOOL! JUST LOOK AT IT... IT'S RUINED!
G-GOSH, HOW DID THAT HAPPEN...?
HOW DID IT HAPPEN, YOU IMBECILE!? HOW DO ALL THE STUPID THINGS YOU DO, HAPPEN? BECAUSE YOU'RE A NUMB-SKULL-A TORTURER, A CURSE ON MY MARRIED LIFE!
BUT... BUT...
BUT... YEOWWW!
YOU'RE KNOCKING OVER THE LAMP!
I-I-C-COULDN'T HELP IT, HELEN! I DIDN'T SEE-- OWWw!
IDIOT! YOU IDIOT! YOU DELIBER-ATELY SMASHED MY BEST LAMP!
THUMP
ZIP
WHAM
OWww
N-NO! DON'T!
POW!
OW!
I'LL TEACH YOU TO BE CLUMSY!
THEY'RE BETTER'N EVER TONIGHT!
IT'S A DISGRACE! SOMEBODY OUGHT TO CALL THE POLICE!
HALF HOUR LATER...
THANK GOD SHE'S LEAVING... IF I HEARD HER VOICE ANOTHER MINUTE, I WOULD GO MAD!
--AND IF YOU THINK I'M STAYING HERE ANOTHER MINUTE WITH A NUMBSKULL LIKE YOU, YOU'RE CRAZIER THAN I THINK YOU ARE!--AND YOU KNOW HOW CRAZY THAT IS!
...MAD AS A MURDERER!
3


SHORTLY AFTER--
THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THESE LAMB CHOPS! WHAT WAS SHE COMPLAINING ABOUT? FOOLISH QUESTION! WHAT DOES SHE EVER COMPLAIN ABOUT?
NO SENSE STAYING HOME ALONE! I'LL GO TO A MOVIE! THE MOVIE TICKETS ARE IN THE UPPER DRAWER OF THE BUREAU!...
THERE IT IS! HOLD ON! --I DIDN'T KNOW HELEN KEPT HER LIFE INSURANCE POLICY HERE---
TRUE-LIFE INSURANCE
WORLD THEATRES CIRCUIT
GIFT TICKET BOOK
IF HELEN SHOULD DIE...I GET $5000! I'M THE BENEFICIARY OF HER POLICY! HMM-MM--
LATER---
NOW PLAYING
"BATTLE" STARRING HECTOR BEGGORY
"IN HIS HANDS LAY THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
I WONDER WHY HE MURDERS HER?
INSIDE--
NEEEE
NO MORE WILL YOU TORMENT ME --NO MORE! NO MORE-- DO YOU UNDERSTAND?!
BANG BANG
HUH! THAT'S NO WAY TO PULL A MURDER! NO WONDER HE GETS CAUGHT IN THE END!
YOU'VE GOT TO BE CLEVER...MUCH CLEVERER!
4

THE NEXT EVENING...
SMART OF ME TO GET FRANKIE TO PUNCH MY TIME CARD! THAT FIFTEEN MINUTES MARGIN GIVES ME A PERFECT ALIBI!
THERE'S HELEN! NOW TO TRAIL HER TO THE SUBWAY WITHOUT BEING SPOTTED!
IF SHE ONLY KNEW WHERE SHE'S REALLY GOING, SHE WOULDN'T HURRY LIKE THAT!
HELEN ALWAYS STANDS AT THE FRONT OF THE PLATFORM...SHE LIKES GETTING A SEAT, BUT TONIGHT, SHE'LL BE A TRIFLE DISAPPOINTED!
AH, SHE'S AT THE VERY EDGE OF THE PLATFORM! SINCE IT IS RUSH HOUR.... A LITTLE COMMOTION--A LITTLE PUSHING, IS ONLY NATURAL!
STOP READIN', GERT! I HEAR THE TRAIN COMIN'--
NOW--TO PRETEND THAT SOMEBODY'S PUSHING ME!
R-R-R-R-R
H-HEY! WHATSA IDEA OF PUSHING! CAN'TCHA WAIT FER A SEAT?
R-R-R-R
5


AS THE TRAIN ROARS IN--
HEY! LOOK OUT!
STOP PUSHING!
oHHH!
A WOMAN FELL OFF THE PLATFORM!
SHE'LL BE KILLED!
EEEEE!
H-HELP!
YEOWW!
YAAAAA
Aiiiiii
I CAN'T LOOK!
SCREEEEECHHH!
Yiiiiiiiii
OH-HH!
S-SHE'S F-FAINTED!
WHAT HAPPENED?
I DON'T KNOW... BUT IT SOUNDED LIKE SOMEONE WAS HIT BY A TRAIN!
HIT'S NOT THE WORD FOR IT, MY FRIEND! I'LL JUST TAKE THIS LOCAL, AND BE HOME BY THE TIME THE POLICE PHONE ME THAT HELEN'S DEAD!
6

SHORTLY AFTER--
I NEVER SEEN ANYBODY SO MANGLED TO PIECES IN MY LIFE! SHE AIN'T A WOMAN ANYMORE--SHE'S A MESS!
MEANWHILE, AS THE LOCAL MOVES THROUGH THE TUBES--
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S CAUSING THE ROAR IN MY EARS? MUST BE THE EXCITEMENT OF HELEN'S DEATH!
RRRRRRRR
MINUTES LATER--
RRRR-RR RR
BUT THE NOISE DOESN'T GO AWAY...IT'S LOUDER! W-WHAT CAN IT BE? I CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING BUT THE NOISE... JUST THE NOISE!
RRR
WELL, THE NEXT STATION'S MINE! MAYBE IF I GET OUT OF THE SUBWAY, IT'LL DISAPPEAR!
BUT NOW IT'S WORSE! THE TRAIN'S GONE, YET IT'S AS IF THE TRAIN'S EVEN CLOSER THAN BEFORE!
RRRRRRR
THANK GOODNESS, I'M HOME! I CAN TAKE SOMETHING TO RELIEVE THAT HORRIBLE ROARING NOISE! HOW'LL I HEAR THE TELEPHONE WHEN THE POLICE CALL ABOUT HELEN?
RRRR
HELLO, HARRY! AREN'T YOU HOME EARLY TONIGHT?
YOU!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING, HARRY--WITHOUT ME?
THE NOISE! THE NOISE! A SUBWAY TRAIN! I CAN SEE IT! THERE IT IS--COMING FOR ME---
AIEEE!
RRR RRRR RRRR
7


BUT THIS CAN'T BE! YOU'RE DEAD, HELEN... YOU'RE DEAD!!
AM I, HARRY? DOES IT LOOK AS THOUGH I AM DEAD? HEH ... HEH!
-RRRRRR
I'M GOING MAD! I'M SEEING THINGS! WHAT IS A SUBWAY TRAIN DOING HERE?
THAT IS FOR YOU TO ANSWER, HARRY!
R-RR-R
TAKE IT AWAY! TAKE IT AWAY! TAKE IT AWAY!
R
RRR
HA HA HA!
RRRRR
YAAAA
EEEEEEE
CRUNCH-H-H
HALF HOUR LATER--
HARRY DEAD? FELL FROM THE ROOF? BUT HOW? WHAT WAS HE DOING ON THE ROOF?
WE DON'T KNOW, MRS. HORTON--- EVERYBODY HEARD HIM SCREAMING, AND SAW HIM FALL, BUT NOBODY KNOWS WHAT HE WAS SCREAMING ABOUT!
TWO DAYS LATER-AT THE OFFICE....
WHERE'S MARGIE, TODAY? I WANT MY FUR COAT BACK -- I ONLY LENT IT TO HER FOR A DATE, AND NOW SHE'S NOT HERE!
I'LL SAY SHE'S NOT HERE, HELEN! SHE WAS KILLED TWO DAYS AGO IN THE SUBWAY -- SHE FELL OFF THE PLATFORM -- IT WAS HORRIBLE!
NO KIDDING? ISN'T THAT FUNNY? THEN MARGIE DIED THE SAME DAY AS MY HARRY, AND MY COAT WAS ON HER BACK!..
8

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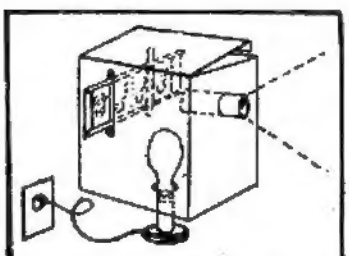

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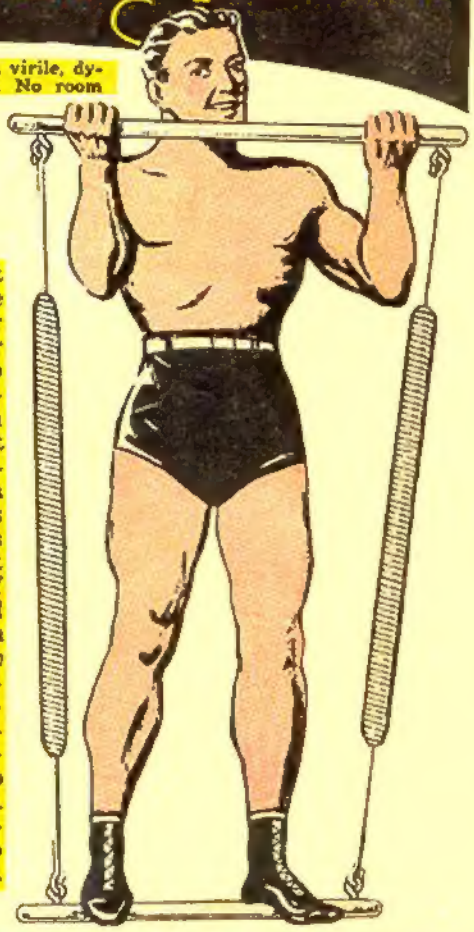
Build your body into a virile, dynamic machine of tiger strength. No room these days for weaklings. You must be STRONG to get ahead . . . get Herculean strength easily at home in spare time with this newly invented chest pull and bar bell combination.

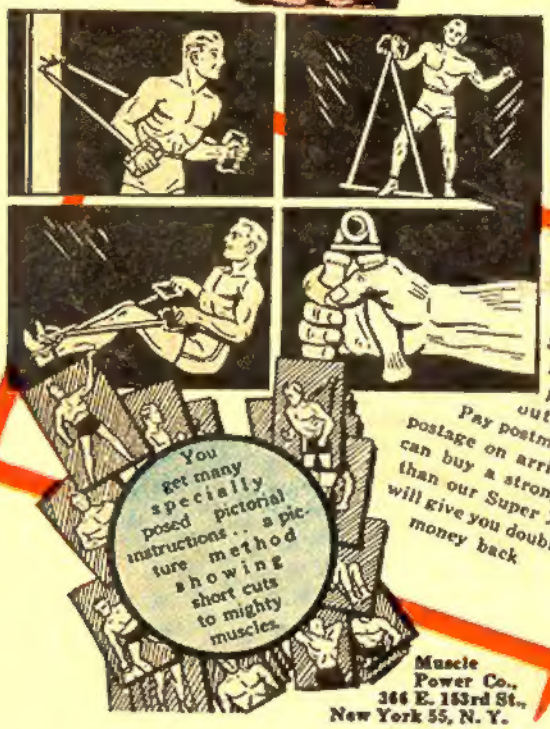


Get Bursting Strength Quickly

If you are a weakling or boast of super muscles, you will find this outfit just what you need. Contains dozens of individual features, all adjustable in tension, resistance, and strength. This permits you to regulate your workouts to meet actual resistance of your strength and to increase power progressively as you build mighty muscles. Men who have reached the top in strong-man feats acclaim this progressive chest pull and bar bell combination. It contains a new kind of progressive chest pull. Not rubber which wears out but strong tension springs. These springs are adjustable so that you may use low strength until you get stronger and terrific pulling resistance when you are muscular. Included is a specially invented bar bell hook-up. This bar bell outfit permits you to do all kinds of bar bell workouts . . . to practice weight lifting and bring into play muscles of your legs, chest, arms so you build as you train. There is a wall exerciser hook-up enabling you to do bending and stretching exercises. You also have features of a rowing machine. Hand grips help develop a mighty grip. Pictorial and printed instructions enable you to get stronger day by day.

Don't be bunked! Don't let anyone tell you that you can put inches on or build any part of your body by fanning the air.

We not only furnish you with equipment, we also supply specially prepared pictorial charts which guide you day by day



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